

THE LIVING AGE.

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
1. Literary News,	<i>Spectator</i> , 578
2. Tennyson's Idyls of the King,	<i>National Review</i> , 579
3. About the West Riding (and the Bronte Family,)	<i>Fraser's Magazine</i> , 595
4. Robinson Crusoe,	<i>Saturday Review</i> , 610
5. Dr. Maginn on Falstaff,	<i>Spectator</i> , 614
6. The Roman Alphabet applied to the Languages of India,	<i>Examiner</i> , 617
7. The Turkish Conspiracy,	<i>Press</i> , 619
8. The Mohammedan "Revival,"	" 620
9. Joint Expedition. English and French,	<i>Saturday Review</i> , 621
10. England and Egypt,	<i>Spectator</i> , 623
11. Garibaldi's Mission,	<i>Press</i> , 625
12. The War Feeling in France,	<i>Saturday Review</i> , 627
13. Chastisement for China,	<i>Economist</i> , 628
14. The Treaty of Zurich: Duty of Neutral Powers,	" 630
15. M. Kossuth on the Peace of Villafranca,	<i>Saturday Review</i> , 632
16. My Uncle Robins,	<i>Everybody's Journal</i> , 632

POETRY.—The Belle of the Shannon, 594. The Fortune-Teller, 594. Boot-Mending, 594. The Night Wind, 618. Now and Then, 618. To Garibaldi, 618. Twenty and Thirty, 634. Trodden Out, 634.

SHORT ARTICLES.—Races and Languages of North America, 593. Mrs. Stowe and Adam Bede, 613. Women Artists at the South, 616.

NEW BOOKS.

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From The Spectator, 15 Oct.
LITERARY NEWS.

AMONG new works promised by Messrs. Chapman and Hall are a new serial, entitled "One of Them," by Charles Lever, with illustrations by "Phiz," to be completed in twelve monthly numbers; "A New Poem," in one volume, by Owen Meredith; "The mind of Shakspeare, as exhibited in his works," by the Reverend A. Morgan, M.A., and "Tales from Molière's Plays," by Dacre Barrett Lennard.

Messrs. Trübner and Co., besides the important "Narrative of Missionary Residence and Travel in Eastern Africa," by Dr. Krapf (which we hear to our regret is only to appear in an abridged form in its English dress), announce several other translations from the German. Goethe's "Reinhard der Fuchs" is to appear in a new version by T. J. Arnold, Esq.; and the famous old romance of "Till Eulenspiegel," translated into almost all the languages of the world, including even Chinese and Japanese, is to find a new editor in Kenneth R. H. Mackenzie, F.S.A.

The first volume of a new edition of the works of Leibnitz, dedicated to the king of Hanover, has appeared at Paris, under the title of "Œuvres de Leibnitz, publiées pour la première fois d'après les manuscrits originaux, avec notes et introductions," by A. Foucher de Careil. The edition is represented as containing many hitherto unpublished writings of the celebrated philosopher, which Count Foucher discovered in the state archives of Hanover.

Messrs. Thiers, Mignet, and Prosper Mérimée have accepted the office of French literary judges for the prizes of 1000 francs and 250 francs (£40 and £10), offered by the Reverend Emerson, of Hanwell College, Middlesex, for the two best essays "On the immense importance of an intimate alliance between France and England." The lists are to be open to both French and English competitors, who will send in their writings before the 1st of March next.

Emile de Girardin's last pamphlet, published this week by Michel Lévy, under the title "L'Empereur Napoléon III. et la France," is making a great stir in Paris. The essence of the book is "La France s'ennuie," i.e., France is weary of being over-governed, and not left to stand on her own legs.

Another brochure of some importance, which is now selling in thousands through France, is one entitled "De l'Annexion de la Savoie," by

M. Anselme Pejetin. The incorporation of Savoy into the French empire is fully discussed, and openly recommended in this pamphlet.

Two books of historical interest have been issued by Poulet Malassis and Co., Paris. The first is a "Histoire de la Satire en France," by M. Lenient; and the second a work entitled "Moschek," by M. L. Hollaenders, containing sketches of the inner life of the Polish nobility in past and present times.

A Paris journal mentions the curious fact that the late wars in Italy and in China have encouraged the study of geography in France to such an extent that no less than two hundred thousand maps have been sold by Paris booksellers alone during the last twelve months. This is more than five times the number ordinarily purchased by the French public.

The first two volumes of Dr. J. Kaeuffer's "History of Eastern Asia," have been issued by Brockhaus, Leipzig. This work, which is to be complete in three volumes, aims at giving not so much a political as a social history ("Geschichte der Culturverhältnisse," as the author calls it) of the races which inhabit India, China, Japan, etc.

Cotta and Co., of Stuttgart and Augsburg, have issued three volumes of a "Voyage round the World during the years 1844, 1847," by Count Charles von Görtz. The work is addressed chiefly to scientific readers.

A well-known German author, Theodore Mundt, has just published, through Janke, Berlin, a series of notes of travel, entitled "Rome and Naples," in which many of the present notabilities of the political stage are sketched in rather glaring colors. There are, among others, portraits of Pio Nono, of Mazzini, of the prince of Canino, of Prince Lucien Bonaparte, "the future pope," of Garibaldi, of Princess Belgiojoso, and many more well-known personages.

"Frauenbilder aus Goethe's Jugendzeit" (Sketches of Women from Goethe's Youth) is the title of a new book by H. Düntzer, published by Cotta, Stuttgart.

According to a correspondent of the *Augsburg Gazette*, an important discovery of a large number of manuscripts of Michel Angelo has been made at Florence, in a house once inhabited by the artist-poet. It is stated that a commission of literary men is now engaged in preparing these writings for publication.

From The National Review.
TENNYSON'S IDYLS.
Idyls of the King. By Alfred Tennyson.
London: Moxon & Co. 1859.

It is a hardship on quarterly reviewers that good books should be published at the beginning of a quarter. Before the next number of the *Review* appears, they are scarcely new books at all. Every thing which need be, or ought to be, perhaps every thing which can be said, has been said. Doubtless the best remarks are forestalled. Yet what is to be done? A critical journal, which hopes to influence the taste of its time, must not omit to notice any remarkable books. When they are so attractive as the *Idyls of the King*, what critic can neglect a chance of reviewing them? Although, therefore, the last poem of Mr. Tennyson has already been some time before the public, and much has already been written about it, we must devote a few words to the delineation of its peculiarities.

The *Idyls of the King* is, we think, more popular with the general public than with Mr. Tennyson's straiter disciples. It is the characteristic—in some cases it is the calamity—of every great and peculiar poet, to create for himself a school of readers. Wordsworth did so during the first twenty years of the century. For the whole of that time, and perhaps for some years longer, his works could scarcely be said to belong to general English literature: the multitude did not read them. Some of the acutest of those who gave away reputation in those days laughed at them. But a secret worship was all the while forming itself; a sect accumulated. If you read the reviews of that time, you will find that the Wordsworthians were considered a kind of Quakers in literature, that rejected finery, disliked ornate art, and preferred a "thee and thou" simplicity in poetry. Some of the defects of Wordsworth's poems may be in part traced to the narrowing influence of this species of readers. Even the greatest artist thinks sometimes of his peculiar public. The more solitary his life is, the more he broods on it. The more rejected he is by the multitude, the more he thinks of his few disciples. It is scarcely conceivable that such a habit should not narrow the mind and straiten the sympathies. The class of persons who are the first to take up a very peculiar writer, are themselves commonly somewhat peculiar. "I am not sure of missionaries," said some one;

"but I detest converts." The first believers in any thing are rarely good critics of it. The first enthusiasts for a great poet are heedless in their faith; a fault in their idol is like a fault in themselves: they have to defend him in discussion, and in consequence they come to admire the most those parts of his poems which are attacked most frequently; they have a logical theory in defence of them, and are attached to the instances that show its ingenuity and that exemplify its nature: in short, they admire, not what is best in the great writer, but what is most characteristic of him; they incite him to display his eccentricities and to develop his peculiarities. "Beware of thy friends," says the oriental proverb; "for affection is but the flattery of the soul." Many of Wordsworth's best poems would have been better if he had been more on his guard against the misleading influence of a sectarian sympathy. A few years ago Mr. Tennyson was in a rather similar position. We should not like to specify the date of his ratified acceptance by the public at large; but it is indisputable that at one time he was not so accepted. Everybody admired Tennyson now; but to admire him fifteen years or so ago, was to be a "Tennysonian." We know what the *Quarterly* said of his first volume, and the feeling there indicated lingered a long time in many quarters. He has now vanquished it; but an observant eye may still detect in literary, and still more in semi-literary society, several differences in taste and in feeling between the few disciples of the early school and the numerous race of new admirers. Perhaps the first Tennysonians were not among the wisest of men,—at least they were not taken from the class which is apt to be the wisest. The early poetry of Mr. Tennyson—and the same may be said of nearly all the poetry of Shelley and Keats—labors under the defect that it is written, almost professedly, for young people—especially young men—of rather heated imaginations. All poetry, or almost all poetry, finds its way more easily to the brains of young men, who are at once intellectual and excitable, than to those of men of any other kind. Persons engaged in life have rarely leisure for imaginative enjoyment: the briefs, the sums, the politics intervene. Slowly, even in the case of young men, does the influence of a new poet enter into the mind; you hear the snatch of a

stanza here; you see an extract in a periodical; you get the book and read it; you are pleased with it, but you do not know whether the feeling will last. It is the habitual pleasure that such works give which alone is the exact criterion of their excellence. But what number of occupied men read new poetry habitually? And what number of them really surrender their minds to the long task of gradually conceiving new forms of imagery, to the even more delicate task of detecting the healthiness or unhealthiness of unfamiliar states of feeling? Almost all poetry, in consequence, is addressed more to young men than to others. But the early poetry of Tennyson, and of the other poets we have named, is addressed to that class even more peculiarly. In the greatest poets, in Shakespeare and in Homer, there is a great deal besides poetry. There are broad descriptions of character, dramatic scenes, eloquence, argument, a deep knowledge of manly and busy life. These interest readers who are no longer young; they refer to the world in which almost all of us have to act; they reflect with the strong light of genius the scenes of life in which the mass of men live and move. By the aid of these extraneous elements, the poetry of these great writers reaches and impresses those who would never be attracted by it in itself, or take the pains to understand it if it had been presented to them alone. Shelley and Keats, on the other hand, have presented their poetry to the world in its pure essence; they have not added—we scarcely know whether they would have been able to add—the more worldly and terrestrial elements; probably their range in the use of these would have been but limited; at any rate, they have not tried—parts of Shelley's *Cenci* perhaps excepted—to use them; they have been content to rely on imaginatively expressed sentiment, and sentiment-exciting imagery; in short, on that which in its more subtle sense we call poetry, exclusively and wholly. In consequence, their works have had a great influence on young men; they retain a hold on many mature men only because they are associated with their youth; they delineate

"The sights which youthful poets dream
On summer eve by haunted stream:"

and young men, who were not poets, have eagerly read them, have fondly learned them, and have long remembered them. A good

deal of this description applies to the writings of Tennyson,—some years ago we should have said that almost the whole of it was applicable to him. His audience formerly consisted entirely of young men of cultivated tastes and susceptible imaginations; and it was so because his poetry contained most of the elements which are suitable to such persons in a country like England, and an age such as this is. But whatever be the cause,—whether or not our analysis of the ingredients in Mr. Tennyson's poetry which attracted young men of this kind be correct or otherwise,—the fact that it did so attract them, and that it attracted but few others with great force, is very certain. His public was limited and peculiar; it was almost as much so as Wordsworth's was at an earlier time.

When Mr. Tennyson published *Maud*, we feared that the influence of this class of admirers was deteriorating his powers. The subject was calculated to call out the unhealthier sort of youthful imaginations; and his treatment of it, so far from lessening the danger, seemed studiously selected to increase it. The hero of *Maud* is a young man who lives very much out of the world, who has no definite duties or intelligible occupations, who hates society because he is bound by no social ties and is conscious of no social courage. This young gentleman sees a young lady who is rich, and whose father has an unpleasant association with his own father, who was a bankrupt. He has all manner of feelings about the young lady, and she is partial to him; but there is a difficulty about their interviews. As he is poor and she is wealthy, they do not meet in common society; and a stolen visit in her garden ends, if we understand the matter, in his killing her brother. After this he leads a wandering life, and expresses his sentiments. Such a story is evidently very likely to bring into prominence the exaggerated feelings and distorted notions which we call unhealthy. The feelings of a young man who has nothing to do, and tries to do nothing; who is very poor, and regrets that he is not very rich; who is in love, and cannot speak to the lady he loves; who knows he cannot marry her, but notwithstanding wanders vaguely about her,—are sure to be unhealthy. Solitude, social mortification, wounded feeling, are the strongest sources of mental malaria; and all of these are here crowded together, and are conceived to act

at once. Such a representation, therefore, if it was to be true, must be partially tinged with unhealthiness. This was inevitable; and it was inevitable, too, that this taint should be rather agreeable than otherwise to many of the poet's warmest admirers. The Tennysonians, as we have said, were young men; and youth is the season of semi-diseased feeling. Keats, who knew much about such matters, remarked this. "The imagination," he said, "of a man is healthy, and the imagination of a boy is healthy; but between" there is an uncertain time, when the fancy is restless, the principles are unfixed, the sentiments waver, and the highest feelings have not acquired consistency. Upon young men in such a frame of mind a delineation like that of the hero of *Maud*, adorned, as it was, with rare fragments of beautiful imagery, and abiding snatches of the sweetest music, could not but be attractive, and could not but be dangerous. It seemed to be the realized ideal of their hopes, of their hearts, of themselves; it half consecrated their characteristic defects, it confirmed their hope that their eccentricities were excellencies. Such a danger could not be avoided; but Mr. Tennyson, so far from trying to shun it, seemed intentionally to choose to aggravate it. He seemed to sympathize with the feverish railings, the moody nonsense, the very entangled philosophy, which he put into the mouth of his hero. There were some odd invectives against peace, against industry, against making your livelihood, which seemed by no means to be dramatic exhibitions of represented character, but, on the contrary, confidential expositions of the poet's own belief. He not only depicted the natural sentiments of an inactive, inexperienced, and neglected young man, but seemed to agree with them. He sympathized with moody longings; he was not severe on melancholy vanity: he rather encouraged a general disaffection to the universe. He appeared not only to have written, but to have accepted the "Gospel according to the Unappreciated." The most charitable reader could scarcely help fancying, that in describing an irritable confusion of fancy and a diseased moodiness of feeling, the poet for the time imbibed a certain taint of those defects.

The *Idyls of the King* suggest to us a peculiar doubt. Was not Mr. Tennyson, after all, laughing at his admirers? Did he believe in *Maud*, though he seems to say

he did? We do not know; but at all events we have now a poem not only of a different, but of a very opposite kind. Every line of it is defined with the delicate grace of a very composed genius; shows the trace of a very mature judgment; will bear the scrutiny of the most choice and detective taste. The feelings are natural, the thoughts such as people in life have or might have. The situations, though in a certain sense unnatural, have, we believe, a peculiar artistic propriety. There is a completeness in the whole.

"For when the Roman left us, and their law
Relax'd its hold upon us, and the ways
Were fill'd with rapine, here and there a deed
Of prowess done redress'd a random wrong.
But I was first of all the kings who drew
The knighthood-errant of this realm and all
The realms together under me, their Head,
In that fair order of my Table Round,
A glorious company, the flower of men,
To serve as model for the mighty world,
And be the fair beginning of a time."

The general public will like this, but scarcely the youthful admirers of broken art and incomplete beauties who accepted *Maud* with great delight. The world we know is opposed to earnest enthusiasts and fond disciples, and Mr. Tennyson has sided with the world.

We think that it is no chance which has made several of our poets dream of a poem on King Arthur. The story of that monarch became *par excellence* the legend of chivalry. Nothing, indeed, can be much stranger than that it should have done so. There is no evidence that such a king ever existed; and the fact has very long been questioned. Caxton, who first printed *La Mort d'Arthur* in English, relates a conversation which he either had, or feigned himself to have had, with a lover of chivalric literature, who advised the printing: "To whom," he says, "I answered that divers men hold opinion that there was no such Arthur, and that all such books as been made of him, been but fayned and fables, because that some chronicles make of him no mention, nor remember him nothing nor of his knyghts." And the argument in reply would hardly satisfy Sir G. C. Lewis or Mr. Grote. "First, ye may see his sepulture in the monasterye of Glastynburye;" and next, his name, "Patricius Arthurus, Britannie, Gallie, Germanie, Dacie imperator," on Saint Edward's shrine in Westminster Abbey; also, "Gauvain's skull and Cradok's mantel," at Dover; "at Winchester,

the round table; and in other places, Launcelot's sword, and many other things." It was a touching theory of ancient credulity, that relics prove the existence of the hero to whom it is said that they belonged. The scrupulous modern doctrine, as we know, is that they must first *prove themselves*. Even when we are certain that the hero existed, it must likewise be shown by connected links of evidence that the alleged relics—the sword or the skull—ever belonged to him. However, most people in former ages believed otherwise; "the bricks" continued "to testify" not only to the existence of the bricklayer, but also to his name and his lineage; the non-existent King Arthur was accepted as the hero of chivalry, the model of its excellence, and the incarnation of its virtues. Yet even admitting his existence, the conception of him was peculiarly fanciful. If Arthur ever existed, he was a British king, who resisted the northern invaders. Knighthood was the undesigned development of the feudal system—of that system which the northern conquerors of modern Europe invented, and imposed on its half-Romanized inhabitants. Even in legendary history, which is naturally the most singular of histories, scarcely any thing is more singular than that the hero of knighthood, the traditional model of chivalric virtues, should have been a Romanized Briton, whose very name seems to have come from Brittany; whose whole character, if he had been a real person, must have been cast in a very different mould; whose exploits were alleged to have been performed over the northern hordes, but for whose victory chivalry would never have existed; who could never have comprehended the graces assigned to him, who would have lamented the barrenness of his victories, and grieved at the downfall of his race. Yet such was the case. It did not matter that the hero of the conquerors was of the race of the conquered. A literature was required to be the expression of the chivalric imagination; minstrels sang it; chroniclers wrote it. And when the conditions of knightly life were passing away with the decay of the feudal institutions, its ideal was prized more. The feeling that all trace of it was departing, that its possibility was ceasing, that a new world of tamer life and fainter features was coming in, gave to the literary embodiments of the chivalrous ideal a saddened charm, a melancholy refine-

ment, which they had not in themselves. It is not easy to read *The History of King Arthur* now, yet it was once a treasured volume; and the French book from which it was translated was, as was natural in "knightly France," treasured still more.

Yet when we come to examine the chivalric romance, we shall find that, though dull and tedious in its actual form, it contains many elements of great artistic value; that, though it can never again be popular itself, something more than accident has attracted our poets to it. Leibnitz spoke of the medieval philosophy as the least agreeable of out-of-door heaps; but he added, "there is gold in it." We will not dare to imitate the grave coarseness of the philosophic style; but we will say, that it was the real gold of a genuine poetic interest which has attracted Milton and Dryden, and now another poet, to mediæval romance.

The value of the subject lies, if we may be allowed the expression, in its supernaturalness. Poets are frequently advised to make choice of modern subjects: it is said that ancient ones are worn out; that all which can correctly be said of them has been said; that a new world, with ardent life and tender grace and bold energy, is around us; that in it we should seek the topics of our art, and especially the themes of our poetry. Yet the practice of our poets does not as yet conform itself much to the teaching of this criticism. They seem to have, or to believe they have, a restraining instinct which disinclines them to act on the exhortation; they undoubtedly have an impelling tendency which incites them to select their subjects from the older world. One of our poets has said, in answer to the critics, "a great action" is a great action anywhere; surely it is as good if it happened in former ages as if it had happened yesterday. And unquestionably this is so; yet it only amounts, after all, to a claim of equality for the older poetic subjects, it does not justify the distinct preference which the practice of poets seems to give to them.

We believe the reason of that preference to be, that in describing the ancient life it is easy to select, and it is admissible to exaggerate. The chivalrous legend is in itself both a selection and an exaggeration. A few parts of life are chosen out of many, and those few are heightened in color and augmented in size. *Ivanhoe* is an illustration of this which

every one can understand. Scott was fond of the old chivalric life, and he told stories of it as a sagacious man of this modern world would tell them. He describes it as, in the first place, a fighting period; and in the next, a falling-in-love period. We rise from the romance with the idea that some centuries ago there were black horses, and large lances, knights in armor, and beautiful ladies; and that there was little else. These elements of life are already selected in the traditional imagination; in speaking of those times we gratify a preconceived idea in speaking of these elements and of these only. We need not apologize for our choice; on the contrary, we should jar upon latent anticipations if we extended our range, or if we chose differently. If King Arthur existed, there were peasants in his time, and these peasants had wives, and these wives had children, and these children had measles; but no one wishes to hear of the peasants, the wives, or the babies, but of Queen Guinevere and Lancelot, of the king himself, and all the "Table Round." In the modern world it is different, every thing runs into every thing else; every detail suggests an approximate detail; every fact another fact. We see this in the appropriate description of modern life, the modern novel. No form of art has perhaps ever existed in which the detail of ordinary existence has been used with such copiousness,—in crude hands doubtless with absurd prolixity, but in the hands of the greater artists—in those, for instance, of Mr. Thackeray—with a sort of defined abundance, and the restrained tact of measured fertility. "The novelist," our satirist tells us, "knows every thing;" and he certainly knows all the little facts, the trivial details, the "knives and forks" of ordinary life. But how few of these details are fit for poetry! how few of them are consistent with its sustained tone! how few would not jar upon its characteristic associations! how many would mar its effect! We are not, we own, of any formal school in poetry; we do not, as certain French critics, object to the "mouse stirring" of the dramatist. We only mean to say, that all the facts of a life with which we are familiar have a hundred associations—that in sustained and high poetry any one of these might have an unintended influence and a disenchanting effect. In ancient life such details are few, and those few have been sifted by a sort of legendary tradition; by the testing

imagination of ages of story-tellers and story-hearers.

We have said that the traditional conception of the age of mediæval chivalry is that of a fighting period, and of a falling-in-love period. If we consider the peculiar nature of these pursuits, and the peculiar mode in which we are accustomed to believe that they then existed, we shall understand their artistic value. It will be conceded that these two pursuits present human nature in what to most people is its most interesting aspect. How many people read the account of a war when it is brought to them in the newspaper, who read nothing else there! how few in proportion care for a debate in parliament, the great labors of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, or the ordinary administration of peaceful existence. Still more of love-stories we need not speak; it does not need critical ink to prove that *they* are perused. All kinds of war and all kinds of love are forever attractive. But if we consider the form in which these pursuits appear in the chivalric legend, it will be found to be in both cases that which is most striking to the unsophisticated imagination. Without having recourse needlessly to deep metaphysics, it may be said that the imagination is more strongly impressed by strong qualities and strong passions that are vividly displayed, than by less intense elements less vividly displayed. Now the love-making in the time of chivalry was not the matter of detail that it is now—women lived in comparative seclusion; their intercourse with men was rare, was not very familiar, and was scarcely at all intellectual. Under these circumstances, falling in love at first sight was rather rational than otherwise. It came under the precept, "use your opportunities." Unless you became enamored at a first view, you might never be so,—you might never get a second. Intellectual calculation would therefore not forbid the practice, and there was much else to encourage it; wherever ladies are much secluded, it will always be common enough. Mr. Meadows has an anecdote in his book on China, which is, he says, authentic.

"A Chinese, who had experienced bitter disenchantments in marriage, and suffered grievously through women in many other ways,—and who, in consequence, considered them simply as unmitigated sources of trouble and mischief,—retired with his infant son to the

peaks of a mountain range in Kwei chow, to a spot quite inaccessible for little-footed Chinese women; through whom he was resolved that his son should never experience similar miseries. He trained up the youth to worship the gods, and stand in awe and abhorrence of devils; but he never mentioned woman to him, and always descended the mountains alone to buy food. The infirmities of age, however, at length compelled him to take the young man with him, to carry the heavy bag of rice. But he very reasonably argued: 'I shall always accompany my son, and take care that if he does see a woman by chance, he shall never speak to one; he is very obedient; he has never heard of women; he does not know what they are; and as he has lived in that way for twenty years already, he is, of course, now pretty safe.'

"As they were, on the first occasion, leaving the market-town together, the son suddenly stopped short, and, pointing to three approaching objects, inquired: 'Father, what are these things? Look! look! what are they?' The father hastily answered with the peremptory order: 'Turn away your head: they are devils.' The son, in some alarm, instantly turned away from things so bad, and which were gazing at his motions with surprise from under their fans. He walked to the mountain top in silence, ate no supper, and from that day lost his appetite and was afflicted with melancholy. For some time his anxious and puzzled parent could get no satisfactory answer to his inquiries; but at length, the poor young man burst out, almost crying from an inexplicable pain, 'O father, that tallest devil! that tallest devil, father!'

"He had idealized the first objective reality he met with, and had 'fallen deeply in love at first sight.'"

We need not stay to prove that such a mode of becoming enamored is more striking to the imagination than our quieter modern mode. The suddenness, the violence, the painfulness, of the olden mode are evidently impressive. Something of the same qualities may be observed in the antique mode of fighting. The interest in modern military operations is curiously divided. The scene is this: We have an intellectual general, calculating, arranging, combining, taxing all the forces of a superior intellect, skilful in tactics, abounding in ingenuity; we have likewise a body of soldiery, excelling in daring, quick in attack, steady in defence, organized into a machine. Here are two sources of interest, the mind and the fighting: but the mind does not fight; and that which fights is hardly mind. The general is removed from the conflict, and

the regiments which he sends do not come home to our fancies as human beings; they seem rather to be implements and organizations. We can scarcely realize the complex combat. Our interest in it, even in as far as we imagine it, is lost in the multitude of the combatants, and the scientific framework which the devising mind has planned out for them. We never see, we never hope to see, a mind, which is great both in itself and in its position, which is the leading mind of the scene, —in real danger, confronting evident perils, overcoming visible foes. In old times, it was otherwise. The characters, the real prominent characters of a fiction, can be made to fight. We know how Richard I. fights in *Ivanhoe*. Dr. Johnson, in the *Life of Addison*, has scoffed at the old style of describing battles, in which Marlborough was made to win Blenheim by his personal prowess, and he and Eugene were supposed to contend with the French marshals hand to hand. His literal mind was shocked at the unreality of the delineation; he saw its untruth, and could not but laugh at its impossibility; but he has not marked, and probably did not see, that in early times, and as long as it was true, this delineation had the merit of concentrating the interest derived from intellect and the interest derived from courage in a single spot; and that no more faithful representation of a modern battle, except in most exceptional cases, does or can do so.

These illustrations are far from exhausting the subject; but they are enough for our purpose. They show, we think, that the events of the chivalric legend are better adapted to sustained and prolonged poetry than the events of recent times and of the present day; and that they are so because they abound much less in dangerous detail, are confined to selected events and chosen characters, show us human passions in a more vivid form, present human actions in a more easily intelligible shape, give us a sort of large-hand copy of life which it is comparatively easy to understand and imitate.

Mr. Tennyson has in the *Idyls* used these elements of the chivalric legend with instinctive felicity and dexterity. The tale of Prince Geraint, as the first *Idyl* might be called, is, in its main incidents, as pure a tale of chivalry as could be conceived. His love of Enid at first sight; his single combat with her cousin, who keeps her out of her inheritance; the

general plentifulness of banditti, and his conquests over them,—are all features belonging essentially to that kind of story. It would be needless criticism to show that the poet has made a great deal of them, that the narrative is very clear and very flowing, that the choice of the events is very skilful; every reader must have perceived these excellencies.

It is more necessary to point out what the careful art of the poet disguises—that he has avoided the greatest danger of such a theme. The danger of a topic abounding in romantic and extraordinary events is, that its treatment may have a sort of glare. The first miracle we meet petrifies us, the next only astonishes, the third tires, and a fourth bores. The perpetual stimulus of such events as those which we have shown to be particularly characteristic of the chivalric legend would become wearisomely tedious, if a relieving element were not introduced in order to prevent it. Mr. Tennyson has found us such an element. He has managed to introduce to us, incidentally and without effort, many pictures of the quieter parts of human nature. He has fully availed himself of the license which his subject gives him. He never goes into any detail of life, which cannot be made attractive, which may have disenchanting associations, which may touch with prosaic breath the accomplished exquisiteness of his art. But no mistaken hesitation, none of the over-caution which a less practised artist would have felt, has restrained him from using to the utmost the entire range of that part of life which he can make attractive. We have spoken of the first Idyl, as in its story one of the most purely chivalric of the four. Yet even in this there are several relieving elements. There is scarcely any thing to be imagined of higher excellence of this kind than the character of Yniol and his wife. Yniol is an old lord who has lost his property, whose followers have deserted him, and who lives in poverty at an old castle upon sufferance. He thus describes how his nephew ejected him, and what are the feelings with which he contemplates his life:—

“And since the proud man often is the mean,
He sowed a slander in the common ear,
Affirming that his father left him gold,
And in my charge, which was not render'd
to him;
Bribed with large promises the men who
served
About my person, the more easily
Because my means were somewhat broken
into

Thro’ open doors and hospitality;
Raised my own town against me in the night,
Before my Enid’s birthday, sack’d my house;
From mine own earldom foully ousted me;
Built that new fort to overawe my friends,
For truly there are those who love me yet;
And keeps me in this ruinous castle here,
Where doubtless he would put me soon to
death,

But that his pride too much despises me:
And I myself sometimes despise myself;
For I have let men be, and have their way;
And much too gentle, have not used my
power:

Nor know I whether I be very base
Or very manifold, whether very wise
Or very foolish; only this I know,
That whatsoever evil happen to me,
I seem to suffer nothing heart or limb,
But can endure it all most patiently.”

The quiet, contemplative character, which suffers so many calamities in rude times, and which is often so puzzled to find out why it has experienced them, is a most suitable shading element to relieve the mind from always admiring great knights who strike hard, who throw immense lances, and who can kill any one they wish. The feminine reflections—if such they can be called—of Yniol’s wife, on the changes of her fortune, are equally appropriate, and quite as true to nature:—

“For I myself unwillingly have worn
My faded suit, as you, my child, have yours,
And, howsoever patient, Yniol his.
Ah, dear, he took me from a goodly house,
With store of rich apparel, sumptuous fare,
And page and maid and squire and seneschal,
And pastime both of hawk and hound, and
all
That appertains to noble maintenance.
Yea, and he brought me to a goodly house;
But since our fortune slipt from sun to shade,
And all thro’ that young traitor, cruel need
Constrain’d us, but a better time has come;
So clothe yourself in this, that better fits
Our mended fortunes and a prince’s bride:
For tho’ you won the prize of fairest fair,
And tho’ I heard him call you fairest fair,
Let never maiden think, however fair,
She is not fairer in new clothes than old.”

The whole story of the dress, of which this is a part, is a very delicate instance of relieving and softening skill; but we have no room to make any more remarks upon it.

Mr. Tennyson has, however, introduced another element into the description of the chivalric state of society, which, though in some sense it relieves it, does not so well harmonize with it. As we have observed, he avails himself of the peculiar manner—the sudden manner—of falling in love, character-

istic of that society. In the first Idyl, Geraint falls in love with Enid on the first evening of their acquaintance; he proposes for her at once, fights a tournament, and is accepted the next morning. In the third Idyl we have the reverse history: a young lady named Elaine falls in love at once with the great Sir Lancelot; but as he does not like her as well as the queen, she is not accepted. These are love affairs very characteristic of a state of society when women were seen but rarely, and even when seen were but little spoken to; but side by side with them in the Idyl there are other scenes indicative of a great familiarity between them and men, full of intellectual friction between the two, showing on both sides the nice and critical knowledge of our civilized world. It seems hardly fair that a writer should insist on the good side of both species of life; upon being permitted to use the sudden love which arises from not knowing women, and the love-tinged intercourse of thought and fancy which is the result of knowing them, together and at once. The nature of the story seems to have led Mr. Tennyson into this complication. The reign of Arthur, as is well known, was believed to have been for many years clouded, and at length terminated, by the unlawful affection of his Queen Guinevere for Sir Launcelot, the greatest and most renowned of his courtiers. This is evidently a very delicate topic for art to handle. King Arthur and Sir Launcelot are both to be made interesting; the queen, of

"imperial-moulded form

And beauty such as never woman wore,"

is to be made interesting likewise. A great deal of intellectual detail is necessary for this end; many slight touches of delicate insight must conduce to it; a hundred pencillings of nice art must be accumulated to effect it. If the subject was to be treated for modern readers, some additions to the bareness of old romance and legend were indispensable; and even a critic could hardly object to them. But Mr. Tennyson has gone further. There being a queen at court who was not immaculate, he has thought it proper that there should be ladies about her who are no better. "Vivien," the young lady who gives her name to the second Idyl, is more fitted for the court of Louis Quinze than for that of the saintly king of chivalry. The delineation speaks for itself:—

"For once, when Arthur walking all alone,
Vext at a rumor rife about the queen,
Had met her, Vivien, being greeted fair,
Would fain have wrought upon his cloudy
mood

With reverent eyes mock-loyal, shaken voice,
And flutter'd adoration, and at last

With dark, sweet hints of some who prized
him more

Than who should prize him most; at which
the king

Had gazed upon her blankly and gone by:

But one had watch'd, and had not held his
peace:

It made the laughter of an afternoon

That Vivien should attempt the blameless
king.

And after that, she set herself to gain

Him, the most famous man of all those times,
Merlin, who knew the range of all their arts,

Had built the king his havens, ships, and
halls,

Was also bard, and knew the starry heavens;

The people called him wizard; whom at first
She play'd about with slight and sprightly

talk,

And vivid smiles, and faintly-venom'd points

Of slander, glancing here and grazing there;

And yielding to his kindlier moods, the seer

Would watch her at her petulance and play,

Ev'n when they seem'd unlovable, and laugh

As those that watch a kitten; thus he grew

Tolerant of what he half disdain'd, and she,

Perceiving that she was but half disdain'd,

Began to break her sports with graver fits,

Turn red or pale, would often when they met

Sigh fully, or all-silent gaze upon him

With such a fixt devotion, that the old man

Tho' doubtful, felt the flattery, and at times

Would flatter his own wish in age for love,

And half believe her true: for thus at times

He waver'd; but that other clung to him,

Fixt in her will, and so the seasons went."

There is undoubtedly much that is not modern in Merlin's character, or rather in his occupation, for he is a faint kind of being; but the enchanter who has a charm of "woven paces and of waving hands," and who has read lines of lore which no other person can read, does not belong to the drawing-room. His pursuits, at any rate, do not.

"You read the book, my pretty Vivien!

Oh ay, it is but twenty pages long,

But every page having an ample marge,

And every marge enclosing in the midst

A square of text that looks a little blot,

The text no larger than the limbs of fleas;

And every square of text an awful charm,

Writ in a language that has long gone by.

So long, that mountains have arisen since!

With cities on their flanks—you read the

book!

And every margin scribbled, crost, and

cramm'd

With comment, densest condensation, hard

To mind and eye; but the long sleepless
nights
Of my long life have made it easy to me.
And none can read the text, not even I;
And none can read the comment but myself;
And in the comment did I find the charm.
Oh, the results are simple; a mere child
Might use it to the harm of any one,
And never could undo it: ask no more:
For tho' you should not prove it upon me,
But keep that oath you swore, you might,
perchance,
Assay it on some one of the table round,
And all because you dream they babble of
you."

But however removed from us Merlin's character may be, that of Vivien in its essence rather belongs to an over-civilized and satirical, than to an uncultivated and romantic time. It rather mars our enjoyment of the new book of chivalry, to have a character so discordant with its idea placed in such prominence and drawn out in such development.

A similar charge cannot, however, be justly brought against the main story of the poem. The contrast of character between King Arthur and Sir Lancelot is one of those which exists in some degree in all ages, but which the exciting circumstances of an unsettled time necessarily tend to bring out and exaggerate. In our last number we had occasion, in writing on another subject, to draw out at some length the delineation of the two kinds of *goodness* which have long been contrasted, and always seem likely to be contrasted, in the world,—the ascetic and the sensuous. The characteristic of the latter is to be sensitive to every thing in this world, tempted by every stimulus, exposed to every passion; the characteristic of the former is to be repelled from the ordinary pleasures of the world, to be above them, to feel a warning instinct against them. In the course of life the fate of the ascetic character is to be absorbed in a somewhat chill ideal; that of the sensuous character is to purchase a fascinating richness of earthly experience by a serious number of grave errors. We had some difficulty formerly in illustrating the distinction between the two characters at once clearly and expressively, but we should have had no such difficulty if Mr. Tennyson had published his new poem a little earlier. The character of Arthur, absorbed in the ideal conception of a chivalrous monarchy, is the very type of the highest abstract or ascetic character; that of Lancelot, the great knight of many exploits and full-lipped enjoyment, whom Guinevere

prefers, is the type of the sensuous and sensitive. The queen's painting of the contrast is true both to nature and to the female idea of nature

"For what is true repentance but in thought—
Not ev'n in inmost thought to think again
The sins that made the past so pleasant to
us:
And I have sworn never to see him more,
To see him more."

And ev'n in saying this,
Her memory from old habit of the mind
Went slipping back upon the golden days
In which she saw him first, when Lancelot
came,

Reputed the best knight and goodliest man,
Ambassador, to lead her to his lord
Arthur, and led her forth, and far ahead
Of his and her retinue moving, they,
Rapt in sweet talk or lively, all on love
And sport and tilts and pleasure, (for the
time

Was maytime, and as yet no sin was dream'd),
Rode under groves that look'd a paradise
Of blossom, over sheets of hyacinth
That seem'd the heavens upbreking thro'
the earth,

And on from hill to hill, and every day
Beheld atnoon in some delicious dale
The silk pavilions of King Arthur raised
For brief repast or afternoon repose
By couriers gone before; and on again,
Till yet once more ere set of sun they saw
The Dragon of the great Pendragonship,
That crown'd the state pavilion of the king,
Blaze by the rushing brook or silent well.

"But when the queen immersed in such a
trance,
And moving thro' the past unconsciously,
Came to that point, when first she saw the
king
Ride toward her from the city, sigh'd to find
Her journey done, glanced at him, thought
him cold,
High, self-contain'd, and passionless, not like
him,
'Not like my Lancelot!—'"

We need not observe upon the moral tact of making the queen see Lancelot first; it was necessary as an artistic palliation for her. It would have been scarcely pleasant to think of her without it.

There can be no doubt that Mr. Tennyson has judged wisely in telling the story of Arthur and Guinevere in a series of tales rather than in a single connected epic. The peculiar and painful nature of that story requires, in a singular degree, the continual use of relieving elements; and yet it is of the first importance that no one of these elements should assume an undue prominence, or be more interesting than the story itself. If other interesting characters had been introduced into the main

plot of a continuous poem, the latter effect would have been nearly inevitable. The imagination cannot rest with satisfaction either on Guinevere's relation to Arthur or on her relation to Lancelot. In each there is a disagreeable and disenchanting something. If a competing interest had been introduced into the central plot, it could hardly fail to be intrinsically pleasanter, and might have distracted the attention intended from the chosen theme. The form which the poet has adopted—that of a set of stories, with continual allusion to a latent thread—prevents this result, and also gives the requisite shading to the painful subject. There is a continued succession of relieving interests; but there is none which can compete with the central one, or be compared with it.

We have said enough of the merits of this poem to entitle us to say what ought to be said against it. We have not, indeed, a long list of defects to set forth. On the contrary, we think we perceive only one of real importance; and it is very probable that many critics will think us quite wrong as to that one. It appears to us that the *Idyls* are defective in dramatic power. Madame de Staël said that Coleridge was admirable in monologue, but quite incapable of dialogue. Something analogous may perhaps be said of Mr. Tennyson. His imagination seems to fix itself on a particular person in a particular situation; and he pours out, with ease and abundance, with delicacy and exactness, all which is suitable to that person in that situation. This was so with *Ulysses* in former years; it is so in his *Grandmother's Apology*, published the other day. Unnumbered instances of it may be found in the *Idyls*. But the power of writing a soliloquy is very different from that of writing a conversation; so different, indeed, that the person who is most likely to wish to write one, is most likely not to wish to write the other. Dialogue requires a very changing imagination, ready to move with ease from the mental position of one mind to the mental position of another, quick with the various language suited to either. Soliloquy—prolonged soliloquy, at any rate—requires a very steady imagination, steadily accumulating, slowly realizing the exact position of a single person. The glancing mind will tend to one sort of composition; the meditative, solitary, and heavy mind to the other. All the poems of Mr. T. show more of the latter

tendency than of the first. His genius gives the notion of a slow depositing instinct; day by day, as the hours pass, the delicate sand falls into beautiful forms—in stillness, in peace, in brooding. You fancy Shakspeare writing quick, the hasty dialogue of the parties passing quickly through his brain: we have no such idea of our great contemporary poet. He keeps his verses in his head: a meditative and scrupulous Muse is prayed to

"Let him write his random lines
Ere they be half forgotten,
Nor add or alter many times
Till all be ripe and rotten."

The lightly flowing dialogue is not so written. The lightly moving imagination which is necessary to its composition gallops quicker, has a more varied tread, alters its point of view more frequently. If we look into the various dialogues of these *Idyls*, we shall not only observe that the tendency to monologue is great, and is greatest at the most striking points and telling situations, but also be struck with what is nearly the same phenomenon in another form—the remarkable similarity of the conversational powers of all the various personages. It is not only that a peculiar kind of language, a sort of a dialect of sentimental chivalry pervades the whole,—this is quite in keeping with the design, and is perhaps essential to the perfect effect of such a book; but the similarity seems to go deeper; each dramatic personage is fully endowed with the expressive capacities of Mr. Tennyson's imagination; each one has them all, and consequently they are all on a level; no one has a superiority. No fact can more exactly and instructively define the precise difference between a genuine dramatic expression and the superficially analogous, but really different, art of delineative soliloquy. In the latter, it is right that the state of feeling to be expressed should be expressed with all the poet's power: we are representing the man's notion of himself; we take the liberty to say for him what he could never say; we translate into similes and phrases the half thoughts and floating feelings which he never could for a moment have expressed in that way, or probably in any other way. But in the genuine drama we are delineating a scene with more than one actor, and we are to state an imaginary dialogue. The mode in which people express themselves is an essential fact of that dialogue. The degree in which people can

express themselves is one of the most dramatic parts of their characters; it is therefore contrary to all the principles of art to give to each character the same command, especially if it be a singular command over very imaginative language. The state of the supposed speaker's mind is no doubt brought out by that mode more effectually than by any other; but the effect of the scene—of the speaking mind which can delineate itself, and of the dumb mind which cannot—is altogether impaired, for the striking contrast is destroyed.

The only other defect with which the *Idyls* are, we think, to be charged, is not so much a positive defect in the poetry itself, as rather a negative deficiency in it when compared with other poems of Mr. Tennyson's that we have known for many years. A certain subtlety seems to pervade some of the latter; and it is in part ascribable to the subtlety of thought, and is greatly heightened by a peculiar subtlety of expression. There are lines in some of the older poems for which every one has

"A pleasurable feeling of blind love."

We know what they express: they *do* express it to us: they dwell in our memories; they haunt us with their echo. Yet, if we try to analyze them, their charm is gone. Is the meaning expressed? Did Mr. Tennyson really mean this?—is there not this ambiguity? Might he not have intended something else? We can conceive a foreign critic, thoroughly acquainted with our language for almost all other purposes, to be quite incapable of seeing the merit of some of the more characteristic of these poems, from a want of those early floating and mysterious associations with language, in the instinctive and delicate use of which that charm consists. We have known literal-minded English persons who preferred the plainer phraseology—the "common print," as Lisbeth would have called it—of every-day rhymers. And, in some sense, their preference was correct. All that they could perceive was more perfect in the entirely valueless rhyme than in the entirely invaluable. The logical structure is better; it would construe better into other words, or into a foreign language: and this the literal critics perceive. The hovering air of power and beauty which the words really have, they do not perceive. If you were to suggest the existence, they would smile. We believe that of this subtle sort of beauty,

there is less in the *Idyls* than in Mr. Tennyson's earlier poetry. Perhaps they have not been in our hands long enough for us to judge. These super-logical beauties, if we may so say, are those which require the longest time to perceive, and the most perfect familiarity to appreciate. Still we do think so. We think there are few passages, considering the length of the poems, which will have years hence that inexplicable and magical power over our minds which some of Mr. Tennyson's old lines have. Perhaps the subject may have something to do with it. The sentiments in these poems are simpler than his sentiments used to be; they are not "clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful." The thoughts are broader and plainer. The old mystic grace of language may, therefore, not have been so much used, only because it was no longer so much needed.

Every poem of Mr. Tennyson's must suggest the inquiry, what is the place which he occupies in the series of our poets? This poem must do so most of all; because, as we have explained, it removes some of the doubts which his warmest admirers formerly felt as to the limits of the range of his genius. It shows that he has the skill to adapt, the instinctive taste and self-restraint to preserve a continued interest of considerable length. Architectonic power the long-worded critics used to say he had not; but we have now discovered that he has it. The puzzling question returns, Where is Mr. Tennyson to be placed in the rank of our poets? We know that he has genius; but is that genius great or small, when compared with others like it?

It is most natural to compare him with Keats and Shelley. The kind of readers he addresses is, as we observed, the same: a sort of intellectual sentiment pervades his works as well as theirs: the superficial resemblances of the works of all the three are many. But, on the other hand, Mr. Tennyson is deficient in the most marked peculiarity which Shelly and Keats have in common. Both of these poets are singularly gifted with a sustained faculty of lyrical expression. They seem hurried into song; and, what is more, kept there when they have been hurried there. Shelley's *Skylark* is the most familiar example of this. A rather young musician was once asked, what was Jenny Lind's charm in singing. "Oh," he replied,

"she went up so high, and staid up high so long." There is something of this sustainment at a great height in all Shelley's lyrics. His strains are profuse. He is ever soaring; and whilst soaring, ever singing. Keats, it is true, did not ascend to so extreme an elevation. He did not belong to the upper air. He had no abstract labor, no haunting speculations, no attenuated thoughts. He was the poet of the obvious beauty of the world. His genius was of the earth—of the autumn earth—rich and mellow; and it was lavish. He did not carry his art high or deep; he neither enlightens our eyes much, nor expands our ears much; but pleases our fancies with a prolonged strain of simple rich melody. He does not pause, or stay, or hesitate. His genius is continuous; the flow of it is as obvious at the best moments as the excellence, and at inferior moments is more so. Mr. Tennyson, on the other hand, has no tendencies of this kind. He broods, as we have said. There are undoubtedly several beautiful songs in his writing,—several in which the sentiment cleaves to the words, and cannot even in our memories be divorced from them. But their beauty is not continuous. A few lines fasten upon us with an imperious and ever-mastering charm; but the whole composition, as a whole, has not much value. The run of it, as far as it has a run, expresses nothing. The genius of Mr. Tennyson is delineative; it muses and meditates; it describes moods, feelings, and objects of imagination; but it does not rush on to pour out passion, or express overwhelming emotion.

In the special lyrical impulse, therefore, we think it indisputable that Mr. Tennyson is inferior both to Keats and to Shelley. To Shelley he is moreover evidently inferior in general intensity of mind. This intense power of conception is, indeed, the most striking of all Shelley's peculiarities. There is something nervously exciting about his way of writing, even on simple subjects. He takes them up so vividly into his brain that they seem to make it quiver, and that of a sensitive reader at times quivers in sympathy. The subjects are no doubt often abstract; too abstract, perhaps, occasionally for art. But that only makes the result more singular. That an excitable mind should be stimulated by the strong interest of the facts of the world, by the phenomena of life, by the expectation of death, is what we should expect. It is in-

telligible to our understanding, and in obvious accordance with our experience. But that this extreme excitement should be caused in the poet's mind very often, and in the reader's mind sometimes, by the abstractions of singular tenuity, is what few would expect. So, however, it is. The mind of Shelley seems always to work in a kind of pure rare ether, clearer, sharper, more eager than the ordinary air. The reader feels that he is on a kind of mountainous elevation, and perhaps he feels vivified by it: at times almost all persons do so, but at times also they are chilled at its cold, and half frightened at the lifelessness and singularity. It is characteristic of Shelley that he was obliged to abandon one of his favorite speculations, "dizzy from thrilling horror." Of all this abstract intensity Mr. Tennyson has not a particle. He is never very eager about anything, and he is certainly not over anxious about phantoms and abstractions. In some respects this deficiency may not have injured his writings: it has rather contributed to his popularity. The English mind, which, like its great philosophers, likes to work upon "stuff," is more pleased with genial chivalric pictures than with chiselled phantoms and intense lyrics. Still, a critic who appreciates Shelley at all, will probably feel that he has a degree of inner power, of telling mental efficiency, which Mr. Tennyson does not equal. Horrible as the *Cenci* must ever be, it shows an eager and firmer grasp of mind—a greater tension of the imagination—than the *Idyls*.

Over Keats, however, Mr. Tennyson may perhaps claim a general superiority. We are, indeed, making a comparison which is scarcely fair; Keats died when he was still very young. His genius was immature; and his education, except the superficial musing education he gave himself, was very imperfect. Mr. Tennyson has lived till his genius is fully ripe, and he has gathered in the fruits of his century. No one can read his poems without feeling this: some of his readers have probably felt it painfully. Twenty years ago, when there was an idea in the high places of criticism that he was a silly and affected writer, many ignorant persons thought they were showing their knowledge in laughing at a language which nevertheless was both most emphatic and most accurate. The amount of thought which is held in solution,—if we may be pardoned so scientific a metaphor,—in Mr. Tennyson's

poetry, is very great. If you come to his poems a hundred times, it is very probable that you will even to the end find there some new allusion, some recondite trace of high-bred thought, which you had not seen before. His reflections are often not new; he would not advance for himself perhaps, his just admirers, we are sure, would not claim for him, the fame of an absolutely original thinker. But he indicates the possession of a kind of faculty which in an age of intellect and cultivation is just as important, possibly is even more important, than the power of first-hand discovery. He is a first-rate *realizer*; and realization is a test of truth. Out of the infinite thoughts, discoveries, and speculations which are scattered, more or less perfectly, through society, certain minds have a knack of taking up and making their own that which is true and healthy and valuable; and they reject the rest. It is often not by a very strict analysis or explicit logical statement that such minds arrive at their conclusions. They are continually thinking the subjects in question over; they have the details of them in their minds; they have a floating picture of endless particulars about them in their imaginations. In consequence, by musing over a true doctrine, they see that it is true: it fits their picture, adapts itself to it, forms at once a framework for it. On the contrary, they find that a false tenet does not suit the facts which they have in their minds: they muse over it, find out its unsuitability, and think no more of it. The belief of these remarkably sane and remarkably meditative persons about the facts to which they devote their own understandings is one of the best criteria of truth in this world. It is the discriminating winnow of civilization, which receives the real corn of the true discoverer, and leaves the vexing chaff of the more pompous science to be forgotten and pass away. This kind of meditative tact, and slow, selective judgment, Mr. Tennyson possesses in a very great measure; and there is nothing of which Keats was so entirely destitute. It does not, perhaps, occur to you while reading him that he is deficient in it. It belongs to an order of merit completely out of his way. It is the reflective gift of a mature man: Keats' best gifts are those of an impulsive, original, and refined boy. But if we compare—as in some degree we cannot help doing—the indications of general mind which are scattered through the three writers,

we shall think, perhaps, that in these Mr. Tennyson excels Keats, even remembering the latter's early death, and, in consequence, giving him all fair credit for the possibilities of subsequent development; just as we found before that the intellectual balance seemed, when similarly adjusted, to incline against Mr. Tennyson, and in favor of Shelley.

Some one has said that Tennyson was a drawing-room Wordsworth. There is no deep felicity or instruction in the phrase, but it has some superficial appropriateness. Wordsworth's works have no claim to be in the drawing-room: they have the hill-side and the library, and those places are enough for them. Wordsworth, as we know, dealt with two subjects, and with two subjects only,—the simple elemental passions, "the pangs by which the generations are prepared," and in which they live and breathe and move; and secondly, the spiritual conception of nature, which implies that the universe is, in its beauties and its changes, but the expression of an inherent and animating spirit. Neither of these subjects suits the drawing-room. The simple passions are there carefully covered over; nature is out of doors. Mr. Tennyson, however, has given some accounts of the more refined and secondary passions in Wordsworth's intense manner; and if he does not give the exact sketches of external nature, or preach any gospel concerning it, he gives us a mental reflex of it, and a lotus-eater's view of what it ought to be, and what it is rather a shame on the whole that it is not, which are not inadmissible in a luxurious drawing-room. A little of the spirit of Wordsworth, thus modified, may be traced in Mr. Tennyson; and perhaps this is the only marked trace of a recent writer that can be found in his writings. If we were to be asked as before, whether Mr. Wordsworth or Mr. Tennyson were the superior in general imaginative power, we think we should say that the latter was the superior, but that Wordsworth had achieved a greater task than he has as yet achieved, with inferior powers. The mind of Wordsworth was singularly narrow; his range peculiarly limited; the object he proposed to himself unusually distinct. He has given to us a complete embodiment of the two classes of subjects which he has treated of: perhaps it would be impossible to imagine one of them—the peculiar aspect of outward nature which we mentioned—to be better delineated; cer-

tainly as yet, we apprehend, it is not delineated nearly so well anywhere else. Although we should be inclined to believe that Mr. Tennyson's works indicate greater powers, we do not think that they evince so much concentrated efficiency, that they leave any single result upon the mind which is at once so high and so definite.

If we were asked, as we shall be asked, why we think Mr. Tennyson to have greater powers than Wordsworth, we would venture to allege two reasons. In the first place, Mr. Tennyson has a power of making fun. No one can claim that, of all powers, for Wordsworth, it is certain: no human being more entirely destitute of humor is perhaps discoverable anywhere in literature, or possibly even in society. Not a tinge of it seems ever to have influenced him. He had, through life, the narrow sincerity of the special missionary; but he had not, what is all but incompatible with it, the restraining tact of the man of the world, which teaches that all things and all gospels are only now and then in season; that it is absurd always to be teaching a single doctrine; that it is not wise to fatigue one's self by trying to interest others in that which it is perfectly certain they will not be interested in. The world of "cakes and ale," indisputably, is not that of Wordsworth. There are quite sufficient indications that Mr. Tennyson appreciates it. Secondly, it may be said that, far more completely than Wordsworth, and far more completely than any other recent poet, Mr. Tennyson has conceived in his mind, and has delineated in his works, a general picture of human life. He certainly does not give us the whole of it, there is a considerable portion which he scarcely touches; but an acute eye can observe that he sees more than he says; and even judging exclusively and rigidly from what is said, the amount of life which Mr. Tennyson has delineated, even in these *Idyls* only, far surpasses in extent and range that which Wordsworth has described. Wordsworth's range is so narrow, and the extent of life and thought which these *Idyls* go over, slight as is their seeming structure, is so great, that perhaps no one will question this conclusion. Some may, however, deny its sufficiency; they may suggest that it does not prove our conclusion. In Shelley's case, it may be said that we allowed a certain defined intensity to

have a higher imaginative value than a more diffused fertility and a less concentrated art; why is not Wordsworth entitled to share the benefit of this doctrine also? The plea is very specious, but we are not inclined to think that it is sound. Shelley has shown in a single direction, or in a few directions, an immense general power of imagination and mind. We may not pause to prove this: it is in the nature of allusive criticism to be dogmatic; we must appeal to the memory of our readers. On the other hand, we think, by a certain doggedness of nature, by high resolution, and even, in a certain sense, by an extreme limitation of mind, Wordsworth, with far less of imagination, was able in special directions to execute most admirable works. But the power displayed is, in a great degree, that of character rather than of imagination. He put all his mind into a single task, and he did it. Wordsworth's best works are the saved-up excellencies of a rather barren nature; those of Shelley are the rapid productions of a very fertile one. When we are speaking of mere intellectual and imaginative power, we run, therefore, no risk of contradiction in ranking Mr. Tennyson at a higher place than Wordsworth, notwithstanding that we have adjudged him to be inferior in the same quality to Shelley.

Perhaps we can, after this discussion, fix, at least approximately and incompletely, Mr. Tennyson's position in the hierarchy of our poets. We think that the poets of this century of whom we have been speaking,—and Coleridge may be added to the number,—may be, in a certain sense, classed together as the intellectualized poets. We do not, of course, mean that there ever was a great poet who was destitute of great intellect, or who did not show that intellect distinctly in his poems. But the poets of whom we speak show that intellect in a further and special sense. We are all conscious of the difference between talking to an educated man and to an uneducated. The difference by no means is, that the educated man talks better; that he either says better things, or says them in a more vigorous way. Possibly uneducated persons, as a rule, talk more expressively, and send whatever meaning they have further into the hearer's mind; perhaps their meaning on the subjects which they have in common with educated men, is not very much inferior.

Still there is a subtle charm about the conversation of the educated which that of other persons has not. That charm consists in the constant presence and constant trace of a cultivated intellect. The words are used with a certain distinct precision; a distinguishing tact of intellect is indicated by that which is said; a discriminating felicity is shown in the mode in which it is said. The charm of cultivated expression is like the charm of a cultivated manner; it is easy and yet cautious, natural and yet improved, ready and yet restrained. The fascination of a cultivated intellect in literature is the same. It is more easy to describe its absence, perhaps, than its presence. The style of Shakspeare, for example, wants entirely this peculiar charm. He had the manifold experience, the cheerful practicality, the easy felicity of the uneducated man; but he had not the measured abundance, the self-restraining fertility, which the very highest writer may be conceived to have. There is no subtle discretion in his words: there is the nice tact of native instinct; there is not the less necessary, but yet attractive, precision of an earnest and anxious education. Perhaps it will be admitted that the writers we have mentioned—Shelley, Coleridge, Keats, Wordsworth, and Tennyson—may all be called, as far as our own literature is concerned, in a peculiar sense the intellectualized poets. Milton indeed would, in positive knowledge, be superior to any of them, and to many of them put together, but he is an exceptional poet in English literature, to be classed apart, and seldom to be spoken of in contrast or comparison with any other; and even he, from a want of natural subtlety of mind, does not perhaps show us, in the midst of his amazing knowledge, the most acute and discriminating intellectuality. But if we except Milton, these poets may almost certainly be classed apart; and if they are to be so, we have indicated the place which Mr. Tennyson holds in this class in relation to all of them save Coleridge. A real estimate of

the latter is not to be expected of us at the end of an article, and as a parenthesis in the estimate of another poet. He will long be a problem to the critics, and a puzzle to the psychologists. But, so far as the general powers of mind shown in his poems are concerned,—and this is the only aspect of his genius which we are at present considering,—we need have no hesitation in saying that they are much inferior to those shown in the poems of our greatest contemporary poet. Their great excellence is, in truth, almost confined to their singular power in the expression of one single idea. Both *Christabel* and the *Ancient Mariner* are substantially developments of the same conception; they delineate almost exclusively the power which the supernatural has, when it is thrust among the detail of the natural. This idea is worked out with astonishing completeness; but it is left to stand alone. There are no characters, no picture of life at large, no extraordinary thoughts, to be found in these poems; their metre and their strangeness are their charm. After what has been said, we need not prove at large that such an exclusive concentration upon such an idea proves that these poems are inferior, or rather indicate inferior imaginative genius to that of Tennyson. The range of the art is infinitely less; and the peculiar idea, which is naturally impressive, and in comparison with others easy to develop, hardly affords scope for the clear exhibition of a very creative genius, even if there were not other circumstances which would lead us to doubt whether Coleridge, rich and various as were his mental gifts, was possessed of that one. On the whole, we may pause in the tedium of our comparative dissertation. We may conclude, that in the series of our intellectualized poets Mr. Tennyson is to be ranked as inferior in the general power of the poetic imagination to Shelley, and to Shelley only;—and if this be true, the establishment of it is a contribution to criticism quite sufficient for a single article.

DR. BUSCHMANN, a distinguished German linguist, chief librarian of the Royal Library at Berlin, has published a large work on the different aboriginal dialects of North America, entitled, "Eine Musterung der Völker und
THIRD SERIES. LIVING AGE. 385

Sprachen des nördlichen Amerika's" (An examination of the Races and Languages of Northern America). The work recently received the great linguistic prize of the French Academy.

BELLE OF THE SHANNON.

HER very bonnet
Deserves a sonnet,
And I'd write one on it,
If I'd the time.
But something fairer
And dear and rarer,
In coorse, the wearer,
Shall have my rhyme.

With eyes like mayteors,
And perfect phaytures,
Which aisy bate yours,
Great Vanus, fair!
I'll ne'er forget her,
As first I met her,
On (what place bett'her?)
The cabin stair!

Her darlint face is
Beyond all praises,
And thin for graces,
There's not her like.
All other lasses
She just surpasses,
As wine molasses,
Or salmon pike!

Her hair's the brightest,
Her hand the whitest,
Her step the lightest,—
Ah me, those fate!
You need not tell a-
bout Cinderella,
For hers excel a-
ny boots you'll mate!

With look the purest,
That ever tourist,
From eyes azurest,
Saw anywhere.
I met her blushing,
As I went rushing,
For bitter beer, down
The cabin stair.

Then she sat and smiled, where,
On luggage piled there,
She me beguiled,—ne'er
A smile like that!
And I began to
Compose a canto
On Frank's portmanteau,
Whereon she sat.

—An Ozonian's Tour in Ireland.

THE FORTUNE-TELLER.

A SEAPORT DITTY.

"HARK, my maiden, and I'll tell you,
By the power of my art,
All the things that e'er befall you,
And the secret of your heart.
"How that you love some one—don't you?
Love him better than you say;
Went you hear, my maiden, wont you?
What's to be your wedding-day?"
"Ah, you cheat, with words of honey,
You tell stories, that you know!"

Where's the husband, for my money
That I gave you long ago?

"Neither silver, gold, nor copper,
Shall you get this time from me;
Where's the husband, tall and proper,
That you told me I should see?"

"Coming still, my maiden, coming,
With two eyes as black as sloes,
Marching soldierly, and humming
Gallant love-songs as he goes."

"Get along, you stupid gypsy!
I wont have your barrack-beau,
Strutting up to me half tipsy,
Saucy—with his chin up—so!"

"Come, I'll tell you the first letter
Of your handsome sailor's name"—
"I know every one, that's better,
Thank you, gypsy, all the same."

"Ha, my maiden, runs your text so?
Now I see the die is cast,
And the day is—Monday next." "No,
Gypsy, it was—Monday last!"

—Once a Week.

BOOT-MENDING.

HERE's Europe in pother and bustle and bother,
Kings and kaisers, at conclave and council
and plot;
Each crowned royal brother distrusting the
other;

And insular England distrusting the lot,
While, cause of the riot, herself calm and quiet,
Italy, at length, by past blunders grown wise,
On her Apennines sitting is busily fitting
Her boot with new welts, stouter soles, and
fresh ties.

Her delicate hands the fair lady commands,
To their task unfamiliar, with earnest en-
deavor:

Her carving and limning, her jiddling and
hymning
She has done for herself, but her boot-mend-
ing, never.

Sometimes pope, sometimes kaiser, sometimes
king, as adviser,
How her boot should be mended, she used to
invite:

That it pinched her severely she felt but too
clearly,
But trusted strange cobblers to set it all right.

Till, as might be expected, their botching's de-
tected,

In such a misfit, that poor Italy swears
She's so pinched heel and toe, that, to stand or
to go,

Is equally torture, the boot while she wears.
So though France eager stands to take work off
her hands,

And Austria's young kaiser puts in the same
suit;

Says Italy, "No—on a new tack I'll go:
I know my own pinch, and I'll mend my own
boot."
—Punch.

From Fraser's Magazine.

ABOUT THE WEST RIDING.

GREAT as are the facilities afforded us at the present day for journeying from place to place, it is a question whether as much has been gained by our improved modes of travelling as is generally imagined. Now that it is no less easy to get away from a place than to reach it, a long sojourn is seldom made anywhere; goaded by a longing after novelty, travellers are ever on the wing in search of "fresh fields and pastures new," and as a natural consequence of this censeless flitting about, they derive no real benefit—excepting, perhaps, in so far as health is concerned—from their travels. Again, the comparative cheapness of continental travelling, together with sundry other advantages, tempting almost every one to spend his holiday abroad, England has become to the majority a sealed book which they have scarcely any wish to open or curiosity to examine. On the other hand, tourists come back from their rapid flight over France, Germany, and Italy, struck by the few peculiarities in character and singularities in custom of which they have managed to catch a passing glance, unconscious that in districts lying close at hand in their own country are to be found characters quite as strongly marked with peculiarities, and customs to the full as singular as any they may have chanced to fall in with on the other side of the channel.

In order to prove the truth of our assertion, we would request our readers to accompany us on a visit to a wild hill district of the West Riding of Yorkshire, not twenty miles distant from the deserted-looking village where poor Charlotte Bronte lived out her dreary life.

We will imagine, then, that, travelling by the great northern railway, we have arrived at Leeds, with which, as one of the busiest and most unpicturesque towns of the Riding, most persons are familiar. Some hundred years before the reign of King John—who granted a charter to the lord of the manor, which contained a clause to the effect that no woman who was to be sold into slavery should pay custom in the borough—Leeds was a wretched village containing some twenty houses; while not more than a century ago its inhabitants were characterized by their indolence and want of enterprise, having nothing to boast of in their town except

the parish church, which, Thoresby tells us, resembled the spouse in the *Canticles*—for it was "black but comely." In Leland's time the population was not equally *quick* with that of Bradford, and until the beginning of the present century but little change had taken place in the manners of the people. At that period, the markets were kept in a street called Bridgate, which was "admirable for two things—one, the Bridge-end shot, at which the clothiers could have a good pot of ale, a trencher of roast, or boiled meat for their breakfast for twopence, besides a noggin of pottage; the other, that several thousands of pounds of broadcloths were usually sold there in a few hours, and that with little or no noise. On a sudden, by the sound of a bell, the cloth and benches were removed, and the markets for other trades began." The roads in the neighborhood were formerly in a wretched state, and exceedingly unsafe, consisting as they did of a narrow, hollow way, which in winter became a perfect slough, and along the side of which ran, at the height of several feet above it, a narrow, paved horse-track, the remains of which may often be traced at the present day bordering the highways. Travellers meeting on these pack roads found it difficult to pass each other, and winter journeys were toilsome and perilous in the extreme, especially when performed, as was frequently the case, by night. Yet when an attempt was made to improve the state of the high-roads a riot ensued, which rose to such a height that the mayor of Leeds, in order to quell it, was obliged to call in the aid of a troop of dragoons, who firing upon the mob quickly put them to flight. During those rude and sluggish times few men of note arose among the inhabitants of Leeds; the name of one worthy deserves, however, to be had in honorable remembrance. This was Peter Saxton, sometime vicar of the parish, who during one part of his life became a nonconformist, and went to Boston, in New England. Thence, in his old age, returning home, a violent storm overtook the ship in which he was, when he, never daunted by the fear of shipwreck, triumphantly exclaimed in the hearing of the crew, "Hey for heaven, hey for heym!"

But it is not in large towns such as Leeds that we can expect to meet with the peculiarities which mark the character of the inhabitants of the outlying villages. Before visit-

ing them, however, it may be as well that we should endeavor to form some general idea of the people of the West Riding. One great distinguishing feature, then, which strikes those who come in contact with them, is the astounding results that frequently attend their enterprises. Keen-witted and sharp-sighted as are the men of the manufacturing towns, prudent and cautious, tenacious and persevering, they seldom fail of success in their undertakings, and are not deterred by small risks from embarking in speculations likely to be attended with profit; while power being the quality which they honor above all things, they naturally estimate wealth mainly as an evidence of well-directed exertion on the part of its possessor. The sudden accumulation of riches adequate in a mere monetary point of view to place persons whose commercial operations have been successful on a level with the old county families, is, however, generally unaccompanied with any tendency to civilization; and cases have often occurred, especially in the mining districts, in which a man who has acquired a fortune large enough to enable him to keep his carriage, prefers still to drive his own cart, while neither in dress nor manners can he be distinguished from his laborers. Even when the more ambitious among them venture to spend money upon works of art, it is not because they feel that a "thing of beauty is a joy forever," but because such possessions form good investments, and are in themselves manifestations of wealth. Not having enjoyed the advantages of education in early life, and being entirely destitute of the refinement which characterizes the aristocratic classes, strange contrasts frequently occur—such as the union of great splendor in their surroundings (their houses being often furnished *en prince*), with the utmost coarseness of manner, vulgarity of speech, and ignorance of the habits of civilized society. An amusing instance of this kind of thing happened not long ago in a town not very far distant from Leeds. A clothier, whose early days had been spent in a cottage, the principal furniture of which consisted of one or two looms, having suddenly made a large fortune, built himself a handsome mansion, and as soon as it was completed, invited his friends to a splendid banquet. The table was loaded with all the delicacies of the season, while two elaborately cut crystal decanters, filled with what looked

very like gin or whiskey, were placed before the hostess. The guests not appearing to appreciate the contents of the bottles, the lady of the house, a comely, buxom dame, was heard to exclaim, "Cum, laadies, weant ye tak sum champaign? they say its varry nice stuff, but as for mysen I don't care much about it." *

It is well known how greatly climate and scenery modify character and modes of life. Nowhere is this influence more clearly visible than in the West Riding, where the features of nature being strongly marked, the character of the inhabitants is strongly marked also. The cold, bracing, ungenial climate; the bold, though seldom picturesque hill and mountain forms; the narrow, secluded valleys; the widespread, monotonous, dreary moorlands; the want of richness and luxuriance in the scenery; the trees, even in sheltered situations, though crowded with leaves, never attaining the height and magnificence which they exhibit in the midland and southern parts of England; the cold, bright hill streams and swift-flowing rivers,—all these things tell on the character, and render the people far-seeing, bold, canny, and independent: "Court maids and widdaz, but no man's favors," being a maxim they bear ever in mind. They are also essentially a strong race, robust, large-boned and muscular, and, as a necessary consequence of the bodily vigor which distinguishes them, they enjoy an abundant flow of animal spirits.

Intermarrying from generation to generation among themselves, they have acquired a characteristic type of face and expression of countenance which cannot fail to strike even a superficial observer; caring little, or rather disliking greatly, to associate with strangers, old customs and prejudices are perpetuated among them to a very great extent; self-reliant, and indifferent to the opinions of others, they are bound to each other by a clannish feeling which leads them to resist the intrusion of aliens into their communities. The *nil admirari* quality they also possess, in common with the North American Indian and the most polished man of the world; take

* The chief idea of the pleasures of society entertained by this class consists in the display of a plentiful table, and their social gatherings take place at an early hour in the evening, the proceedings generally commencing with what is called a "settled tea," the *carte* of which includes veal pies and oysters, hams and sausages, cakes and sweetmeats of all kinds.

them from the remotest villages, and place them in presence of whatever is most sublime or beautiful in nature or art, and no involuntary expression of pleasure or surprise will escape their lips. This apparent indifference arises partly from a want of imagination, partly from self-esteem: they disdain to admire what they cannot understand, and what they cannot understand they are apt to despise and depreciate. Blunt and rude and vigorous themselves, they have no sympathy with aught that marks refinement of character; and not being troubled with sensitive feelings, they are apt to be negligent of the feelings of their neighbors; but their hearts are in the right place, and they will always be found ready to do one another a good turn. Impatient of cant and intolerant of humbug, they are suspicious, reserved, and inquisitive, nor is it till they have thoroughly gauged the characters of those with whom they may be brought in contact, that they will admit them into their friendship and confidence. How intensely practical they are in their views of life, may nowhere be better seen than in a little publication which finds very great favor in their eyes, and which is entitled *The Bairnska Fooks' Annual, and Pog Moor Almanack*. Here we find the author begging his readers if they "ask favors, to let it be of onny body but a relashen, for yo may goa ta fifty an happen not find wun at hez owt a t'soart abaght 'em;" then he advises them "not to meet trubbles hauf way, for thare not wurth t'compliment." Again he says, "Beild, but not yer hoapes on a relashen leavin yo summat to pay t'bills, nor yet cassals i'th'air, for ther is dainger a boath t'beildin an t'beilder tumalin." Now, he exhorts them to "avoid kicking up a dust wi' their nabors; for its stuff atniver saddles daan hardly, but hings like a claad raund t'doorstan';" and then gives them a sound piece of advice, to the effect that they may "consult surgeons, but first of all should consult ther senze ta naw whether they realey ail owt or noa, for fancy varry offace macks a bigger dockter's bill than real pain."

Independent as they are by nature and training in every thing which regards secular affairs, they are equally so in all matters connected with religion, which in them savors strongly of Puritanism, and is almost entirely wanting in the element of reverence. They have moreover a strong natural tendency to

dissent, and feel but little respect for men who do not profess decided opinions, even those who set both law and conscience at defiance, being nevertheless strict religionists, esteeming faith more highly than they do works. Methodism is rife throughout the Riding, and of the local preachers many amusing stories are told, of which here is a sample:—Some years ago a revival took place in one of the hill villages, when the minister desired the meeting to join him in prayer: after offering the usual supplications, he thought he might venture upon a petition of a more practical nature, and accordingly prayed that the time might quickly come when Guisley would be lighted with gas, and Yeadon (an adjoining village) become a sea-port town.

Ignorant and often brutal, rugged and untractable like their own wild hills and barren moorlands though the men of the West Riding may be by nature, they are, however, susceptible of cultivation, and their manners have undergone to some extent a softening and refining process within the last quarter of a century, under the influence of the clergy, who, when they are moderate, patient, and hard working, need never despair of seeing their labors in some degree crowned with success, though the work they have to perform is of course exceedingly onerous; the state of morals, especially in villages which are partly agricultural, partly manufacturing, being at a very low ebb. On the confines of Lancashire, in particular, where old families, the introducers and nourishers of civilization, are seldom to be found, the manners and morals of the people are degraded in the extreme. The towns and villages of the West Riding are therefore no places for a timid or indolent minister, while they form excellent schools for earnest, active, energetic men, whose hearts are really in their work, and who ever bear in mind that their parishioners care nothing for the established church as a church, but are attracted there simply because they expect to hear a good logical sermon. Among the petty manufacturers, a spirit of equality is universal, and having neither superiors to court, nor the amenities of social life to practise, there is a tone of defiance in their manner and speech which to a stranger is repulsive, and which is also a symptom of their tendency towards chartism and dissent. If indeed the people were bound together by

some cementing tie, instead of being split up into separate communities, they might become very formidable in a political point of view; as it is, their possession of rapid means of communication, and the circulation among them of radical publications, would render them, in a time of unsettled government, difficult to manage.

A great change has, however, taken place among the people of the hill districts since the commencement of the present century. Forty years ago the children of the working classes seldom wore shoes and stockings in summer, and their food was chiefly porridge made of oatmeal and water, with oat cake, which they called "Aver bread." At that period mourning was not often worn at funerals, and even now the gayest dresses and smartest bonnets are sometimes brought out to grace the sad ceremonial. In those days the Sunday attire consisted of a brown or black stuff gown and a scarlet cloak; now the newest fashions, small bonnets, and crinolines, may be seen in almost every village. The majority of the laboring classes were then small farmers, as well as woollen cloth weavers, taking the yarn from their masters to weave at home—a practice which still obtains in some of the manufacturing villages.

It is to one of these, situated some twelve miles north-west of Leeds, that we would now invite our readers to accompany us. Guisley, for that is the name of the village, is a member of the ancient Saxon parish of Otley, and from an early period after the Conquest until the middle of the sixteenth century, was the residence of the Wards, a family of no small consequence in those parts. The church, which they founded, contains on the south side of the nave a beautiful row of columns belonging to the original fabric, and sustaining circular arches. The village itself is situated on high ground, surrounded by still higher hills and moorlands; the climate is cold, bracing, and favorable to health, judging by the longevity to which some of the rectors have obtained, one of them having served the church sixty-three years, and another forty-eight; while of John Myers, whilom parish clerk, it is recorded that he filled that office fifty-four years, and "rid a light horse in the trained bands of the revolution very briskly four years after his grand climacteric." The population of Guisley consists of between three and four thousand; the people are

neither very moral nor very provident, and being all engaged in the same kind of manufacture, when that particular branch is depressed, they all suffer together.

There is nothing in the appearance of the village to impress a visitor favorably, yet seeing it, as we did first, on the eve of the annual feast, there was an air of smartness and liveliness about it which we afterwards found that it did not possess at any other time of the year. These feasts are institutions common to all the West Riding villages, in some of which they occur twice, thrice, or four times a year, sometimes even oftener, while in other places they only take place once. During the week which precedes them all the housewives are busily engaged in scouring their houses, and polishing their tables, and the chest of drawers which invariably forms the chief ornament of the house-place; they are also actively occupied in the preparation of feast-cakes, feast-tarts, and other eatables in vogue among them. The feast itself generally lasts a week, and is attended by a great gathering of friends and relatives from all the adjacent villages, who are regaled with cold roast beef and pickled cabbage. For a population of some two thousand, the quantity of meat consumed generally amounts to about eighteen oxen, fourteen calves, and some sheep; mutton is looked upon rather with contempt. Weddings form a marked feature of these festivities; and we consider ourselves fortunate to have witnessed the manner in which they are conducted. When we entered the church it was already so crowded with people that we found some difficulty in making our way to the rector's pew, whence we had an excellent view of the assembled multitude, the men being attired for the most part in blue cotton blouses, and the women wearing a gay-colored handkerchief tied over their heads in lieu of a bonnet. Any thing but a quiet congregation it was, the tumult in fact being so great that the officiating clergyman was obliged to declare in a pretty loud voice that he would not commence the service until silence was established. But although his words were at first attended with a satisfactory result, the length of the ceremony was too much for the patience of the multitude, and long before it concluded the hubbub had risen to almost as great a height as ever. On this occasion three couples were joined in holy matrimony, two of them being under

age, and unable to read or write, and the third considerably advanced in years. It afterwards appeared that the banns of the last mentioned pair had been "given out" some two months previously, but on the bride elect being congratulated by her neighbors upon her approaching nuptials, she denied that any one had been "keeping company" with her. She was then told that nevertheless the banns had been published; still she stoutly maintained that it was without her knowledge. The bridegroom was next appealed to, when he at once pleaded guilty, and being asked for the reason of his extraordinary conduct, replied that he had been casting about for a wife, and thinking "Martha were a likely body," he had fixed upon her to fill the situation; feeling, moreover, sure she would not refuse the honor he was intending to confer upon her, he thought he might as well put in the askings first and do the courting afterwards, when he should have more time to spare. The lady, however, had no idea of being so lightly won; thence the delay that ensued, though after all she was taken by surprise, for her elderly betrothed happening to see that preparations were making at the church for a wedding, immediately went home, donned his Sunday coat, and then set off to his lady love, and desiring her to put on her best gown, quickly informed her that they were going to be married there and then. No sooner had the bridal party issued from the vestry into the churchyard, which was filled with people waiting their appearance, than they began to cast among the crowd showers of half-pence, for which there was instantly a furious scramble. This is a practice which is never omitted, and great is the demand by the bridegroom for small change which usually takes place a few days before the event comes off. Until very recently it was the custom at these village weddings for the men to have their hats adorned with the gayest ribbons, a fiddler also usually preceded the happy pair, playing all sorts of tunes to enliven their walk to the parish church, which was sometimes five or six miles distant. Some who were better off had equestrian weddings, when a race took place, he who arrived first at the bride's home, returning to meet her with a tankard of ale, and receiving the privilege of a salute.

Having related one incident illustrative of village courtship, we will venture to add to it

another, strictly true and equally characteristic. A rough, good-looking lad of about two or three and twenty years had for some months felt great interest in a village maiden, a certain Milly, who in truth was pretty and fascinating enough, and also well aware of the power her beauty exercised over the susceptible village swains. Up to this time, Jack had admired Milly in secret, though he had confessed to one of his friends that "her eyes had gone quite through him, and took the breathe out of him, so that he had not a word to say." At last he determined to pay a visit to the cottage which contained his treasure; so one evening he strolled up to the door, lifted the latch, and entered the "houseplace." The father, mother, and Milly being there, he walked quietly towards the fire, and took a seat beside the father, who was engaged in repairing old gearings for his horses, the mother being employed in mending stockings, and Milly trotting about, on household cares intent. An hour passed without a word being spoken by any one; then Milly, having finished her work, sat down by her mother and began to sew, giving an occasional glance at her admirer, which said, as plainly as eyes could do, "Now, lad, what hast' come for?" though of course she knew quite well. At last Jack opened his mouth—it must be premised that all this time the cat had been lying asleep on the hearthstone—and thus delivered himself of the result of his meditations. "Yore cat's tail is longer than yares," or in plain English "ours;" which sagacious remark was received in profound silence; it did not indeed appear as if any one had heard it. Another half-hour passed, when Jack silently took his departure, not another word having been uttered on either side. After he had gone, Milly quietly observed to her mother, "If that's all he can say, hol ha noane of him." However, there are people who say that Jack will win Milly in the end, notwithstanding her affirmation to the contrary.

Before we turn away from the subjects of courtship and marriage, we may mention an anecdote connected with the latter, showing the talent for repartee with which the people of the West Riding villages appear to be gifted in a remarkable degree. Not long ago, a bridegroom returning home from his wedding, was met by a friend, who thus addressed him. "Well, Jack, I'm glad to see thee in

thy happy position, thou'st seen the end of thy trouble now." "Thank thee, lad," was Jack's answer, "I hope I have." About a month afterwards the two friends again met, when Jack, speaking rather warmly, exclaimed, "Bill, thou telled me a lie that morning I got wed! Didn't thou say I'd seen th'end of my trouble?" "I did," said Bill; "but I didn't tell thee *which* end."

One of the most curious peculiarities prevailing amongst the people of the hill villages, is the habit of giving strange patronymical names to each other, so that a man is seldom known by his legal surname. This practice is a very ancient one. Thoresby tells us that in his time a pious and ingenious person, his kinsman by marriage, was but the second of his family who had continued the same surname, which had till then been varied, as the Christian name of his father was, though they were persons of considerable estates. His grandfather Peter being the son of William, was called Peter Williamson, his father being called William Peterson; which continued till the year 1670, when the family assumed the name of Peters. He then goes on to say, "in the vicinity of Halifax it is yet pretty common among the ordinary sort." A friend of mine, asking the name of a pretty boy that begged relief, was answered it was William a Bills, a Toms, a Luke. And the ingenious gentleman afore mentioned, asking for Henry Cockroft, could hear of no such person, though he was within bow-shot of the house, till at length he found him under the name of the Chaumer Man, or The Inhabitant of the Chambered House.

Not long ago, a man belonging to a village adjoining that of Guisley, wanted to find out where John Marshall lived, but no one could tell him. At last he met a woman who chanced to be Marshall's own daughter, of whom he made inquiries, still without success; however, on discussing the matter further, a sudden light seemed to break in upon her, and she exclaimed,—“Hey, dust e mean Bony Mars?” and sure enough Bony Mars and John Marshall proved to be identical. In another instance, a man, name unknown, broke his leg, and was ever afterwards known as Johnny Woodleg. But the curious part of the affair was, that he had a sister-in-law living with him, to whom the same surname was also given, and Margaret Woodleg she remained until the day of her death. Numer-

ous examples of the same kind might be adduced. John Thompson was cited to appear before the magistrates, but on his name being called out in court, no one answered; at last an old man got up, saying,—“Please your worship, call for Jock o’ the Ginnel,” to which soubriquet John Thompson immediately responded. In many cases it is extremely difficult to find out what the real name is. A short time since, a village school-master asked a boy his name. The reply was, “Tom Watkinson.” “Your father’s name?” —“Jim Todd.” “Your mother’s name, then, my boy?” —“Whoi, Effie Dunwell, to be sure.” It turned out afterwards that the father’s name was unknown, and that the mother’s name was Watkinson. In cases where the real names are known, they are altered and shortened; thus Mounsey becomes Moons; Clapham, Colfe; sometimes the alteration is greater still, as when Barrett becomes Botch. Frequently they are distinguished by their various callings, Robert Whitehead being universally known as the Lion, from his being landlord of the inn so called; then, again, they often derive their soubriquet from the place where they live, the Proctors having sunk their own name in that of Foreweather; while one James Redfax, who has near his cottage a pan for dyeing wool, is known by the cognomen of Jim o’ the Pan. Other reasons than these also direct their choice; thus, a family of Smiths are called Better-off Smiths, because they happen to be more prosperous than others of their name living in the same village; another Smith is known only by the name of Hardy, for no other cause than that he married a woman of the name of Hardeastle; again, John Harrison is called Stickem, because he introduced a new method of killing cattle. In some cases, as in that of a woman called “Bony Toppin,” it is impossible to discover the origin of the soubriquet which has supplanted the real name. Sometimes the women keep their maiden names after marriage; while widows are always termed widowers, and *vice versa*.

In taking a walk through Guisley, the first thing that will strike the stranger is the curious union of poverty and comfort observable in some of the cottages, which, though scantily furnished, are almost sure to boast of a handsome chest of drawers placed in the sitting-room, and an equally handsome clock. The

bedchambers are in most cases filled with looms, the family living and sleeping in the lower rooms. In Guisley the whole of the manufacturing processes are carried on at home, from the spinning of the wool to the weaving of it into tweeds and shawls, the burling being performed by the children of the family. The women in times of prosperity spend great part of their earnings in dress: they have a separate costume for the Saturday half-holiday, which they spend in taking a walk with their "followers" or their families, and another for Sundays.* Such a thing as a baker's shop is not to be met with in any of these villages; but according to the *Pog Moor Almanack*, the women are not as thoroughly up in this department of household economy as might be expected:—

"Crusty or not crusty (says the author), ive a wurd or two ta say abaght baikin, an t'say at bread-mackin iz a job at ivvery womman i't'land, noa matter whether shooze three feet high or seven, twenty year owd or sixty, owt to be perfekt in. Yis, but ah menney ar ther aw sud like to knaw at duzzant naw how ta neid a bit a doaf? Wha swarms, ney an its as good as a play just ta see hah they rowl t' doaf abaght upa t' table; wha sum on em rowls it ta sich a length at boath ends off-nance enough touches t' floor nearly, others are az careful az if they wor affeard a breikin their stay laise, or at it wor summat wick, as they wor affeard a hurtin it; others hez the doaf all cloggin to ther fingers, an there they are daubin and claatin it abaght over ivvery thing it' hause nearly, wal they get fast ameng it, like a hen wi sum wursit abaght her legs;—wun a this sort wunce tried to rowl a cake, an shoo did so wal shoo gat all t' neidin a doaf stuck roand t' rowling pin, wal it wor az thick az a milk churn nearly. Thear shoo diddant naw whotivver ta do in it; at last shoo tade it ta t' bakehouse just az it wor, wi t' rowlin pin in it, for her own oven wouldn't hold it, and when it wor baked, an shoo wor bringing it home, there wor many a score of folks stopt her to have a look at it, and they mud well, for it wor wun ah t' quearest shaped loaves at ivver wor made; wha t' baker hizen said shoo desarved a medal for it. Then thear ar them at can maik a bit o' decent bread, but there none without their folts at times; for if t' doaf doesn't happen to rise az it ought to do, there reddy directly with t'

* Long ago it was said of the working classes in these districts, "that in a time of plenty they carry it out in such an extravagant manner as leaves nothing against a time of dearth and scarcity, wherein they find as little pity as formerly they paid respect to others;" and this is a faithful picture of them in the present day.

owd tale, it wor bad flour or bad yeast, they thersenze of course are without a falt; nowt o' the sort, they are too clever for that. Having said so much, ah mean to say for a finisher, and right doan seriously too, at its a womman's beandand duty ta do all and ivvery thing at ive mentioned ta perfection;—maik pies, wesh clooze, maik bread, bake, and brew; an if shoo cannt, all at ive to say iz, at shoo owt ta live an owd maid, an sit in a corner knitting crawshâ work, for shooze noan fit for a wife."

Of course, in every village some individuals are to be found more original than the rest. Among the worthies of this description living at Guisley, the parish clerk and barber deserves special mention, as being a man who piques himself somewhat highly upon his literary attainments, a specimen of which, illustrative of the writer's character and of his eminence in his profession, might have been seen not long ago pinned up in his window. Here is a copy:—

"NOTICE.

"That I begin of shaving on Saturdays at 5 o'clock for one half-penny till 8 o'clock. After 8 o'clock 1 penny till 9 o'clock. After 9 o'clock I shall please myself wether I shave or not.

"Saturday Noon from 12 to 1 o'clock, 1 half-penny.

"Razors cleaning up, 1 1-2 a piece.

"Going out to shave, one penny; out of town, 2d.

"Now i shall be very glad to shave any person that feels its worth their pleasure to come and pay like men, and not get shaved and never come no more when they have got one penny or 1 1-2 on. If it is not worth one penny, let your beard grow."

It is not often that the inhabitants of these villages have an opportunity of making themselves acquainted with the outside world; but every now and then a few individuals have been known to venture as far as the metropolis, whence they return, with wonderful travellers' stories wherewith to enlighten their stay-at-home neighbors. Not long since three Guisley men went up to London to attend a wool-sale, and took the opportunity of visiting some of the lions. They had not, however, been in town more than two days, when, as two of them were musing on what they had seen in the streets, and especially at Vauxhall Gardens the night before, the third suddenly made his appearance, prepared for a journey, and said to his companions, "I'm goan home." "When?" was the question.

"This varry day, just nah." "Why," said his friends, "thou hastn't bought a single bag of wool yet." "No," said he, "an I ammat goan, I can buy it as cheap at home, an whether or no, I'd rather be *there* nor *here*, for I'm sure there's nought but rogues among the men, and the women's na better than they should be." This is a curious comment on what was said above of the low state of mortality in the West Riding villages, showing as it does, the power of habit in blinding men to the real nature of vices, which, when presented to them under a different aspect, fill them with amazement and with horror.

We have already alluded to the readiness at repartee which is a striking characteristic of the men of the West Riding, and of which, among the many instances that have come under our notice, we select a specimen or two. One day a beggar-man, who had long been known as the do-no-good of the place, met another leading an ass laden with two panniers. On asking what there was in the baskets, and being told that they contained rags and bones, he exclaimed, "Well, then, toss me in, for I'm nought else." And here is a good story of a pompous old gentleman, a Presbyterian, who, meeting a weaver on the road, thus addressed him:—"Where are you going?" "To —," was the answer. "On some sleeveless errand, I warrant," remarked the old gentleman. "Why, no," replied the weaver, "I am going to buy a pair of buckles." "And couldn't you get some one else to buy them for you?" "No, I couldn't," answered the man, "they're a very particular sort." "What sort?" "Why, they call them Presbyterian buckles." "Why do they give them such a name?" asked the old gentleman. "Because they're double tongued," was the ready answer, which put an effectual close to the conversation.

It has been said that the people of the West Riding are destitute of imagination, but here and there we see evidences to the contrary, especially in the little almanack to which we have already referred, and which we commend to the notice of all those who wish to have a thorough insight into Yorkshire character. One example we cannot refrain from quoting. The writer is speaking of the feelings of the earth when it expected the comet to strike it, then dwelling on the vicissitudes it has undergone since it was brought into existence some six thousand years ago, he says—

"He'd been pelted on his cran wi all manner a hailstones; rained an squirted onto be watter spouts, wal he heddant a dry threed on him; shackt wi hurricanes, an thrawn off his legs nearly wi whirlwinds; graald at be thunderstorms, and pierced on all sides wi fork lightnings; stript ov ivvery bit a clothen, and then covered over wi snaw; an nipt wal he wor black and blue wi frosts, and bittan an bittan agean wi north an east winds; laid agh't a doors all night in all soarts of weathers, an exposed i't'day ta t'burnin sun, dug and struck at wi shovels and mattocks; ploughs an harrows trailed over him in ivvery direction, and ironed daan while he could hardly stir, an run on be steam-engines, wag-gons, an wheelbarrows, an all manner of things. More then that, he'd suffered all sorts a' insult and assaults wethin as well as wethaght, be th'infiction a deep waands, an blowing him to pieces by bit an bit wi powder, while he wor so deformed he hardly knew hizzen."

Now that we have become somewhat familiar with one of the villages of the West Riding, it would be well, perhaps, that we should a little extend our rambles; we therefore beg our readers to accompany us on an excursion we propose making to Ilkley, famed for its clear springs and breezy moorlands. On leaving Guisley, half an hour's drive brings us to the valley of the Wharfe; to our right lies Otley, underneath the shelter of the Chevin, climbing which the traveller is rewarded by seeing spread beneath him nearly the whole of the most beautiful portion of Wharfedale—one end terminating in the bold Armscliff, and the other in softly undulating hills covered with the woods which encircle Bolton Abbey. Between these two extremities the river winds, bounded by hills of moderate height; no wildness or sublimity marking the scenery—the characteristic features of which are a riant fertility, and a sort of quiet loveliness that soothes and satisfies rather than excites or elevates. The river itself is the most beautiful feature in the landscape. Swiftly, as its name imports, it hurries along, ever changing in character—now deep and smooth, now noisy and shallow—but ever preserving the crystal clearness of its waters; here flowing along a broad and level channe, there rushing down like a torrent, fretting over boulders and rocks, which, while they hinder its progress, add greatly to its beauty. In winter, when melting snows increase the volume of its waters, it becomes very dan-

gerous to cross. Its course is upwards of fifty miles in extent, during the greater part of which it runs parallel to the Aire, whose course is devious in the extreme, and, unlike the Wharfe, so gentle in its flow that it hardly appears to move at all. After heavy rains the water of the Wharfe becomes brightly golden in color, taking its rich hue from the springs which flow into it from the moors above Bolton.

In Otley itself there is little to interest the passing visitor, with the exception of the manor house, which was the site of the mansion of the archbishops of York, one of whom, Bowet by name, is said to have consumed there, annually, fourscore tuns of claret! We have already alluded to the dislike entertained by the people of the West Riding villages to strangers, a feeling from which even the inhabitants of a town so considerable as Otley do not appear to be entirely free. A short time since a surgeon took possession of a practice in the town, and on his coming amongst the people, was mobbed and treated with such contumely that at first he was in doubt whether he could remain. Towards regular practitioners, indeed, the people entertain a great dislike, much preferring to trust themselves and their ailments to the mercy of bone-setters, who subject their patients in many cases to such severe treatment and rough handling, that it is a wonder they escape out of their hands without having received greater injuries than any for which they consulted them.*

Not far from Otley we pass through the little village of Burley, which wears a far more cheerful aspect than Guisley can boast. The cottages are all of stone, and some of them have gardens—a luxury but seldom seen in these villages. Either the cottagers have no natural taste for flowers, or else no one has taken the trouble to develop it; the latter would seem to be the case, judging from the success attending the efforts made by a lady to introduce cottage horticultural exhibitions in her neighborhood.

After leaving Burley, the road runs parallel to the Wharfe, and through the sheltering

trees which grow on its banks we get many a glimpse of the bright and swiftly flowing river. Presently we come in sight of Denton, formerly the residence of the Fairfax family, and where Prince Rupert lodged on his way from Lancaster to York, immediately before the battle of Marston Moor. It is on record that there was then in the house a very fine portrait of the younger brother of Lord Fairfax, with which Prince Rupert was so delighted that he forbade any spoil to be committed. Denton, with its wooded hills, lies on our right, while on our left rise the bold and frowning "edges" of Rombald's Moor, which often assume the aspect of Cyclopean towers and ramparts, overhanging what was in primeval times a wild lake, but is now the green and fertile valley of the Wharfe. The highest point of these moorlands lies to the south, and attains a height of one thousand three hundred and twenty-two feet above the sea; two huge masses of rock, standing out like promontories, and exhibiting the strange, fantastic forms which were so appropriate to Druidical worship, though only eight hundred and sixty feet high, form the most striking and picturesque features of the range, seeming also to command and guard the village of Ilkley, which lies almost immediately beneath them.

This place, as is well known, was the Roman *Olicana*; and there are still to be found, in a field behind the church, called Castle Hill, some remains of the Roman camp. It has been considered probable that this camp was founded near to an earlier British town called by Ptolemy *Olicanon*, from a British word signifying rocky, a name which is admirably appropriate to the situation. Notwithstanding its claims to antiquity, and the vestiges of it still visible in the churchyard, in the shape of three remarkable obelisks, covered with strange devices and elaborate ornaments, Ilkley is more like a newly founded American town than a good old English village, although here and there some of the houses in the main street bear indubitable marks of a sere old age ill according with the appearance of the wooden cabins interspersed amongst them.

The shops, too, have a close resemblance to American stores, and in all of them is sold a strangely heterogeneous collection of goods,—the grocer dealing also in stationery and hardware, the baker and confectioner dis-

* As an instance of the difficulties with which medical men have to contend when visiting their patients, we were told that on first coming amongst them they have found it so difficult to understand their dialect as to be obliged to call in the aid of an interpreter; while the people, on the other hand find it equally difficult to comprehend the polished pronunciation of their doctor.

pensing medicines and selling toys, and the butcher combining with his trade that of a brewer, while the principal circulating library is contained in the kitchen of one of the largest lodging houses, and the doctor is to be found at the linendraper's. A large proportion of the shops consists of bazaars, containing all manner of useless things wherewith to tempt young people and the children of a larger growth, who resort to Ilkley in order to put themselves under hydropathic treatment, which can nowhere be had in greater perfection. A busy life the invalids seem to have of it, a pleasant one also, judging from the numerous picnic parties which may daily be seen issuing early in the morning from the grounds of the Ilkley Wells and Benrhydding establishments; young ladies in large cope hats, and armed with alpenstocks, with a proper allowance of chaperones; and gentlemen, who to all appearance seem to have derived wonderful benefit from the system they have been pursuing, so hale and hearty do they look. The rules of both houses are, however, very stringent,—punctual attendance at meals is enforced, and although dancing and charades are allowed to take place in the drawing-room every evening, it is expected that the amusements should cease at ten o'clock, when all the gas-lights in the sitting-rooms are lowered, and those in the passages, entrance-hall, etc., extinguished. What with the obligation to keep regular hours, the fresh moorland air, the out-door exercise, and the simple diet to which every one is obliged to submit, he must be an obstinate person indeed who could resist all these influences, and remain in a state of valetudinarianism.

One of the favorite excursions from Ilkley used to be to a hut inhabited by Job Senior, known as the Hermit of Rombald's Moor, where he spent the last thirty years of his life, his only abode a wretched hovel made with a few rough stones, into which he could but just creep, and which was destitute alike of roof or door. Adjoining this hovel he had another, where he was accustomed to make a fire of sods to roast his potatoes; he had no cooking utensils, but when he was about to dine, he mixed his potatoes with some oatmeal, and then ate them. His clothing was of the most wretched description; once, however, some charitable person gave him a piece of serge, with which he manufac-

tured a coat by spreading the cloth on the ground, then lying down upon it he chalked out the pattern, and afterwards sewed it together with packthread. He was scarcely human in his appearance, and it was exceedingly difficult to understand a word of what he said. This strange being is now dead, but numbers of people still visit the place where he lived; and a wild, exposed spot it is, in the very midst of those weird lonely moors, lifted far above the cheerful, fertile valley; the silence which broods over it seldom broken, save when the wayfarer's footsteps, brushing through the heather, startle the grouse which have their home there. Altogether a monotonous, melancholy landscape, and but for the invigorating hill air, its influence would be depressing in the extreme; yet here and there upon these moors some few smiling oases occasionally occur; bright spots of moss and verdure kept perpetually green by the springs descending from still higher grounds: often, too, a pleasant surprise awaits the moorland Rambler; some little sheltered hill tarn reflecting in its clear still waters the overhanging rocks, and the graceful pendant ferns which fringe them; or some narrow ravine, its sides tapestried with heather and long trailing streamers of the Alpine-looking Robin-Hood moss, while at the bottom rushes a tiny rivulet, clear as crystal, and golden in color, bright and cold and pure. But it is on ascending to the highest points of the moors that all sense of their desolation and oppressive monotony is lost in the more cheerful aspect of the wide extended views obtained from them, over the beautiful valleys of the Wharfe and the Aire, the solitary desolation immediately around serving but as a foil and a useful contrast, which gives value to the light and life beyond.

A glance at any map of the West Riding will show that the valleys of the Wharfe and the Aire are separated from one another by the Range of Rombald's Moor, but the "terrific road" which travellers once had to take if they wished to go from the one to the other is now no longer generally used, though for the sake of the prospects which it commands we would strongly recommend it to pedestrians. As we made our way along it down into the valley of the Aire, we could not but admire, for picturesque effects of rock and moorland, that portion of Airedale which

lies between the little towns of Bingley and Keighley. In the vicinity of the latter place are many a lonely glen and wooded hill, too often disfigured, alas, by the shaft of some tall mill-chimney rising from amidst the trees, while the torrent rushing along the bottom of the glen is defiled by indigo dye, and its music lost in the noise of machinery. There is little, however, in the immediate neighborhood of Keighley to tempt any one to make it his head quarters, though of late it has been much frequented, owing to its proximity to Haworth, whither we, following the example of many others, made a pilgrimage, of which we shall ever preserve a pleasant remembrance. It is an old proverb, that a prophet is without honor in his own country, and truly the adage had its verification at Keighley, for we found that the "oldest inhabitant" was of opinion that it was the scenery in the neighborhood which had tempted so many people to come to Keighley during the summer, and he was perfectly astonished and evidently very incredulous when assured that the attraction was Haworth, and Haworth because of its having been the home of Charlotte Brontë. It was on a soft gray Sunday morning in the middle of August that we set forth on our pilgrimage. Immediately on leaving Keighley we began to toil along the road which, by an almost unbroken ascent, leads to Haworth. At every step we took we seemed to be leaving in our rear all that was pleasant and cheerful; the hills on either side becoming more and more destitute of trees, more and more brown in color, while the hedges which had hitherto bounded the road, were exchanged for stone dykes, with no soft covering of moss to conceal their nakedness, and affording no little crannies where flowers might take root, no coigns of vantage wherein birds might nestle and sing. Low down in the valley ran a tributary of the river Ayre, and here and there on its banks grew some few trees, principally fir, poplar, and ash; but though we were only in the beginning of autumn, the foliage was already brown and withered, and many of the trees almost entirely leafless. If it had not been for the continuous lines of small houses stretching along the highway, and the villages clustered on the hillsides, with the sturdy towers of their churches rising above them, the sense of desolation and want of finish, so to speak, in the scenery, would have been painfully op-

pressive; while the sickly appearance of the people, many of whom were afflicted with goitre, and the stolid, vacant expression of their countenances, gave no favorable impression of the healthiness of the district.

For some two miles or so before arriving at Haworth, the village is visible from the road, and a very eagle's eyrie it looks, perched up on the moors, rising dun and sombre behind it. When we reached it, it struck us as being more foreign than English in aspect; the houses are old, and built of dark gray stone, though here and there a smart, unicturesque modern dwelling has sprung up, trying to put its neighbors to shame, but looking far less honest and genuine than they; the principal street is very narrow, and paved with large, flat stones, on which the houses immediately abut; and it is perhaps this absence of pavement or trottoir which more especially gives to Haworth the aspect of some second-rate French village. Every reader of Mrs. Gaskell's work probably has some idea of Haworth from her description, yet though it would be difficult to point out wherein her picture differs from the original, we must confess that the impression produced upon us was different from the one she had given. Of one thing we are pretty certain, and that is, that no one can thoroughly understand Charlotte Brontë who has not visited her home, and afterwards read, by the light which acquaintance with her surroundings will give, the history of her life penned by her own hand in the pages of *Shirley*. There, better far than Mrs. Gaskell or any one else could show, they will see how it came to pass that Caroline Helstone complained so sadly that she dreamt "melancholy dreams, and if she lay awake for an hour or two at night was continually thinking of the rectory as a dreary, old place." "You know," she says, "it is very near the churchyard; the back part of the house is exceedingly ancient, and it is said that the out-kitchens there were once enclosed in the churchyard, and that there are graves under them. I rather long to leave the rectory. . . I think I grow what is called nervous. I see things under a darker aspect than I used to do. I have fears I never used to have—not of ghosts, but of omens and disastrous events. . . . Calm evenings are not calm to me; moonlight, which I used to think mild, now only looks mournful." And again, when Shirley asks, "Will you think of Fitful Head

now, when you lie awake at night, rather than of the graves under the rectory back kitchen?" who is it but Charlotte Bronte herself replying, "I will try; instead of musing about remnants of shrouds and fragments of coffins, and human bones and mould, I will fancy seals lying in the sunshine on solitary shores." Many and many a time doubtless has Charlotte Bronte, like Caroline Helstone, "in the summer nights sat long at her lattice, gazing down on the old garden and older church, on the tombs laid out all gray and calm and clear in the moonlight." A melancholy home, in truth, for a spirit like Charlotte Bronte's, must have been that dreary Haworth parsonage; no trees sheltering or shrouding it, and yet all pleasant views shut out; nothing visible from its windows but the desolate-looking, walled-in garden, with one stunted lilac tree in the middle of it, along its walls a row of thorn bushes, and beyond, the wide, crowded churchyard encroaching more and more upon the grim, silent moors, crossed often, as on the day we were there, by fitful gleams of sunlight or by wreaths of mist, more welcome because partially concealing their harsher features and somewhat softening their dreariness. Whether the home may have looked more cheerful in poor Charlotte Bronte's lifetime we cannot tell; nothing, however, can be more desolate and forlorn than the aspect which it wears at present, the garden entirely neglected, no gentle hand to tend its flowers; the little gate leading into the churchyard blocked up with a rank growth of grass and weeds; the windows of the house partially closed with shutters; no sign of life or cheerfulness about it externally. Very sad, too, and lone must be its interior now, its only inmates the aged, childless father and the bereaved husband. To the left of the rectory stands the schoolhouse, beyond which is a ruined old tenement, every pane of glass in its windows broken, and altogether in a most dilapidated condition. Opposite this ruin are several ancient looking buildings the backs of which abut upon the church; and queer erections they are, full of recesses and projections, and outside stairs leading to the upper stories, giving them a quite foreign aspect; one of these is a public house, of which there are three or four in the village, none of them particularly clean or respectable in appearance. The principal one is the Black Bull, close to the church, a dirty little place, and the sight

of which, in connection with the remembrance of Bramwell Bronte, cannot but be painful. In the room where he so often used to spend his evenings, the principal ornaments are two pictures, one representing "Her majesty Queen Caroline landing at Dover, after an absence of three years, to demand her right, dignities, and privileges;" the other, "A monumental tribute to the memory of Queen Caroline, who, after being refused an earthly crown, was called to wear a crown in heaven."

When we reached Haworth the churchyard was full of people sitting on the gravestones, waiting for the morning service to begin, while the bells, the only cheerful thing about the place, were pleasantly chiming, and calling to distant stragglers to hasten their steps. Entering the church we were placed in a pew in the gallery, and had time to look about us before the clergyman, Mr. Nicholls, made his appearance. The interior is large, and contains three galleries; in the one over the communion-table the organ is placed, and to the right of it are affixed against the wall the tables of the commandments, looking very much like the backs of colossal books. On the south wall, in a corner, is a clock, with the inscription, "Life, how short; eternity, how long;" against the west wall, near the vestry, is placed a tablet, stating that the steeple and the little bell were made in the year of our Lord 1600. The pews are very large, and inside of them are painted on great labels the names of the owners—*e.g.*, Mr. Pigshill hath two sittings here for Gargrave; Mrs. Ellis for Far Intake; Mr. Horsfall for Wildgrave Head, etc., etc.

The attendance was small in the morning, but better in the afternoon, when Mr. Bronte preached; owing to his advanced years, he is not able to attend the whole of the service, but comes into church when the afternoon prayers are half over. A most affecting sight, in truth, it is to see him walking down the aisle with feeble steps, and entering his solitary pew, once filled with wife and children, now utterly desolate, while close beside it rises the tombstone inscribed with their names. Full of sorrow and trouble though his life has been, the energy of the last survivor of the race seems not a whit abated; his voice is still loud and clear, his words full of fire, his manner of earnestness. Lucid, nervous, and logical, the style of his preaching belongs to a bygone day, when sermons were made more

of a study than they are now, and when it was considered quite as necessary to think much and deeply, as to give expression to those thoughts in language not only impressive and eloquent, but vigorous and concise. It would not be easy to give a faithful picture of the impression which Mr. Bronte evidently produces upon his hearers, or of his own venerable and striking appearance in the pulpit. He used no notes whatever, and preached for half an hour without ever being at a loss for a word, or betraying the smallest sign of any decay of his intellectual faculties. Very handsome he must have been in his younger days, for traces of beauty most refined and noble in expression, even yet show themselves in his features and in his striking profile. His brow is still unwrinkled; his hair and whiskers snowy white; lines very decided in their character are impressed about the mouth; the eyes are large and penetrating. In manner he is, as may have been gathered from what has been already said, quiet and dignified.

The afternoon service over, we again rambled about the churchyard, marking how large was the proportion of young people and children which it contained, compared with the number of those advanced in life; then giving another farewell look to the solitary parsonage and its desolate garden, we turned away with heavier hearts than we had brought there that morning, listening, as we descended the hill, to the echo of a hymn which floated down to us from the moorland to our left, on the top of which a field meeting of Methodists was being held, the gay dresses of the women brightening as nothing else had yet done the sombreness of the landscape. Yet monotonous and melancholy as these wide-spread moors are,* the sense of freedom inherent in their wide extent, together with the invigorating nature of the hill air, must have often rendered her walks very enjoyable to Charlotte Bronte; and it is doubtless to herself she alludes when she says that Shirley liked particularly the green sweep of the common turf and the heath on its ridges, for

* We must not forget that what Emily Bronte has written of them, may be true of those who live among them:—

"What have those lonely mountains worth revealing?—

More glory and more grief than I can tell;
The earth that wakes one human heart to feeling,

Can centre both the worlds of heaven and hell."

it reminded her of Scotland; and makes Caroline Helstone speak of the way in which the Scottish heaths would look on a sultry, sunless day—purple black, a deeper shade of the sky tint, and that would be lurid. "Long and late walks on lonely roads," such as Caroline Helstone took "along the drear skirts of Stillbro Moor, or over the sunny stretch of Nunnely Common," Charlotte Bronte must frequently have taken over Haworth Moors, sometimes perchance returning home with her heart saddened and embittered, sometimes strengthened and invigorated to persevere in walking without repining along the thorny paths through which God had seen fit that her course, from her cradle to her grave, should lie.

It has been said, and with justice, that Charlotte Bronte did not understand the character of the people of the West Riding; nor was it perhaps possible for her to do so. Even when she was a child there was a strange mixture of defiance and submission in her character, scorn being the predominant expression of her countenance; and when to this, in later years, was superadded a large amount of reserve which bore the semblance of timidity, it was scarcely likely that she should, except through the intuition of genius, gain an insight into the real character of those among whom her lot was cast, and whose bluntness of manner and inquisitiveness of nature would jar so greatly on her morbid sensitiveness. She does not seem to have cultivated any extensive acquaintance with her father's parishioners, and we were not surprised, on inquiring from a person who said he had lived all his life at Haworth, whether Miss Bronte had been liked by the villagers? to receive for reply—"Why; I never heard naught to the contrary." This want of the power of imparting or receiving sympathy must have added tenfold to the cheerlessness and dreariness of Charlotte Bronte's life, especially when death had removed those who were dearest to her on earth. What wonder that she felt her life was not a life, but a "long, slow death"—that she exclaimed, through Rose Yorke's mouth, that she might as well be tediously dying as forever shut up in that glebe house, which always reminded her of a windowed grave? "I never see any movement about the door," she said; "I never hear a sound from the wall; I believe smoke never issues from the chimneys.

Nothing changes in Brierfield Rectory." And if it were so in Emily and Anne Bronte's lifetime, how much more like a living tomb must it have appeared to Charlotte after their deaths! An old writer speaks of Haworth as being almost at the extremity of population—high, bleak, dirty, and difficult of access; adding, that ancient families had never been numerous there, and were either extinct or removed, for that the greater part of the parish, ascending as it did to the moors, afforded few eligible situations. No genial soil was this for genius to take root or to flourish in, and the only wonder is, not that Charlotte Bronte and her sisters were full of morbid feelings and wild imaginings, but that they struggled so bravely with their destiny, and strove so unceasingly to raise themselves into a healthier atmosphere, instead of allowing themselves to be utterly cast down and overcome by the influences, physical and moral, amidst which it had pleased God to place them. Yet who but must shudder when he thinks of the gloom which it is evident often overshadowed poor Charlotte's mind; who but must reverently sympathize with and tenderly pity her, when thus she speaks of herself in *Shirley* :—

"Caroline was a Christian, therefore in trouble she framed many a prayer after the Christian creed; proffered it with deep earnestness; begged for patience, strength, relief. This world, however, as we all know, is the scene of trial and probation; and for any favorable results her petitions had yet wrought, it seemed to her that they were unheard and unaccepted. She believed sometimes that God had turned away his face from her. At moments she was a Calvinist, and sinking into the gulf of religious despair, she saw darkening over her the doom of reprobation."

Then, too, the drear, monotonous life—how hardly must it have pressed upon her! "You know," says Caroline Helstone, "it is scarcely *living* to measure time as I do at the rectory. The hours pass, and I get over them somehow. I endure existence, but I rarely *enjoy* it."

Worse still to endure, because of her morbid sensitiveness, were the trials of her governess life. Here, in *Shirley*, is a portrait of them, which, although bearing the marks of exaggeration, it is impossible to read without seeing how faithful it is to her feelings.

"It was my lot," Mrs. Prior says, "to enter a family of considerable pretensions to good

birth and mental superiority, and the members of which also believed that 'in them was perceptible' an unusual endowment of the 'Christian graces,' that all their hearts were regenerate, and their spirits in a peculiar state of discipline. I was early given to understand, that as 'I was not their equal,' so I could not expect 'to have their sympathy.' It was in no sort concealed from me, that I was held 'a burden and a restraint in society.' The gentlemen, I found, regarded me as 'a tabooed woman,' to whom 'they were interdicted from granting the usual privileges of the sex,' and yet who 'annoyed them by frequently crossing their path.' The ladies, too, made it plain that they thought me 'a bore.' The servants, it was signified, 'detested me,' *why*, I could never clearly comprehend. My pupils, I was told, 'however much they might love me, and how deep soever the interest I might take in them, could not be my friends.' It was intimated that I must 'live alone, and never transgress the invisible but rigid line which established the difference between me and my employers.' My life in this house was sedentary, solitary, constrained, joyless, toilsome. The dreadful crushing of the animal spirits, the ever-prevailing sense of friendlessness and homelessness, consequent on this state of things, began ere long to produce mortal effects on my constitution—I sickened. The lady of the house told me coolly I was the victim of 'wounded vanity.' She hinted that if I did not make an effort to quell my 'ungodly discontent, to cease murmuring against God's appointment,' and to cultivate the profound humility befitting my station, my mind would very likely 'go to pieces' on the rock that wrecked most of my sisterhood—morbid self-esteem; and that I should die an inmate of a lunatic asylum."

Hot and blistering words of anguish and sarcasm these, in which the poor sufferer has stereotyped the misery inflicted upon her by those who little knew that they were torturing a daughter of genius unawares. In reading such passages the reflection will force itself upon the mind how sad a thing it was that her lot was not ordered otherwise; and yet had it been so, how noble an example, how impressive a warning would have been lost to the world. One day we shall know and feel, as she is doing, doubtless, now that the veil is taken away from her eyes which hid the meaning of life's enigma, that both for her and for ourselves in connection with her, God has ordered all things well.

But it is time we should bring to a close the account of our ramble through the very small portion of the West Riding which we

had the opportunity of traversing. So turning our faces southwards, we will hurry over the barren moors to Halifax. There, in a deep valley embosomed in woods, where the parish church now stands, was in bygone times an hermitage dedicated to John the Baptist, and which was approached by four roads. Hence, according to some authorities, arose the name Halifax, fax being an old Norman name signifying highways. About such matters as derivations, however, doctors are frequently apt to differ; and thus, as another way of accounting for the name, we are given the following story, to which, as being a trifle more romantic than the other, many will no doubt yield the preference. It appears, then, that not many ages since, Halifax was called Horton, and that it thus received its change of name:—

“A certain clergyman being passionately in love with a young woman, when he could by no means win her, cut off her head in his mad fit. Her head being set upon a yew tree, was visited by the people as holy, and every one plucked off a bough to keep as a holy relic. By this means the tree grew a mere trunk, yet retaining the reputation of sanctity among the people, they believed that the little veins which were spread between the bark and the tree were the hairs of the Virgin. This caused such resort of pilgrims to it, that of a little village it became a large town, and assumed the name of Halifax, or Haligfax, i.e., holy hair, for fax is used by the English on the other side of Trent to signify hair. Thus the noble family of Fairfax are so called from their fair hair.”

Halifax bears such a close resemblance in nearly every respect to most of the large manufacturing towns in the West Riding, that we shall spare our readers all description of it. As for the scenery by which it is surrounded, we may simply mention that the whole district consists of a wide valley bounded by high and barren moorland ridges. Scarcely a foot of level ground is to be found anywhere; combs and hollows abound, which are picturesque and pretty enough, while the slopes of the hills are well cultivated and planted with sturdy and branching, but not lofty oaks. So much for the foreground: in the distance are long purple ranges, from whose summits stand clearly out against the sky many an isolated block of freestone, jagged and worn away by wind and rain and storm.

One curious matter in connection with Halifax we place before our readers. The town, it appears, was noted, not more than a cen-

tury back, for a by-law against felons, which was executed upon them in this manner:—

“A felon taken within the liberty with goods stolen out of the liberties or precincts of the Forest of Hardwick, shall, after the market-days or meeting-days within the town of Halifax next after his apprehension, be taken to the gibbet, and then and there have his head cut off from his body by a peculiar engine [closely resembling the guillotine]. The fact, however, must be certain; he must either be taken Handhabend, being in the very act of stealing, or Backberend, having the thing stolen on his back, or somewhere about him, without giving any probable account of how he came by it, or lastly confessed, owning that he stole the thing for which he is accused. The cause could be only theft, and the manner of it only that which is called *Furtum manifestum*, or notorious theft, grounded upon some of the foresaid evidences. The value of the thing stolen must also amount to above 1s. 1 1-2d.; for if the value were found only so much and no more, by this custom he should not die for it. The criminal was then to be brought before the Bailiff of Halifax, who presently summoned the free burghers within the several towns of the Forest, and being found guilty he was within a week brought to the place of execution. An axe being drawn up by a pulley, was then fastened with a pin to the side of the scaffold. If it were an ox, or a horse, or any other creature, that was stolen, it was brought along with him to the place of execution, and fastened to the cord by a pin that stayed the block, so that when the time of execution came, which was known by one of the jurors holding up one of his fingers, the Bailiff or his servant whipping the beast, the pin was plucked out and execution done. But if it was not done by a beast, the Bailiff or his servant cut the rope.”

It is supposed that this punishment was the cause of the beggars putting this town into their litany: “From Hell, Hull, and Halifax deliver us.”

Now that we have reached the conclusion, our endeavor to show that even in the country which our readers think they know so well are many sources of interest of which they may have been hitherto ignorant, we have only to express the hope that they may henceforth sometimes employ their holiday in becoming more familiarly acquainted with the scenery of their own land, and the manner of life of their own countrymen. If to know ourselves ought to be our chief aim, then surely our next should be to know our neighbors; for without knowledge there can be no sympathy, and where there is no sympathy there cannot be a united people.

From The Saturday Review.

ROBINSON CRUSOE.*

WE are glad to learn, from a reprint of *Robinson Crusoe*, that notwithstanding the enormous multiplication of new novels, that most popular and most wholesome of books still holds its ground. The very pleasure of reading it once more is not to be despised, for hardly any other book bears repeated perusal so well. In boyhood, the mere charm of the story and the strangeness of the adventures make it the most delightful of books; and when the critical faculties have been formed, and some experience acquired, the marvellous art, vigor, and healthiness of the work give it an interest which is constantly renewed, and which never exhausts itself. *Robinson Crusoe* has a better claim to be considered an English classic than almost any other book whatever, and though the phrase is so hackneyed as to have almost entirely lost all definite meaning, there is a meaning, and an important one, which it ought to have. A classic is etymologically a class-book, and in this sense classical books are not necessarily the best or the greatest part of the literature of a nation. They are, on the contrary, hardly ever free from considerable defects, though they must always have great and peculiar merits. In point of fact, the original meaning of the word has always influenced very deeply the associations connected with it. To be used for the instruction of a class, a book ought not to be very refined or startling. It should express sentiments rather than passions, and should be distinguished rather by the excellence of its composition, and by the power of giving vigorous expression to the broad average sentiments and standing conclusions in which the mass of mankind can sympathize, than by originality of style or deep sympathy with some peculiar school of thought or feeling. The *Æneid*, for example, is, and always will be, a far more classical book than *Lucretius*, and the Odes of Horace are more classical than either the Satires or Epistles. So, too, Cicero's Offices, and his treatises on Old Age and Friendship—though they give an incomparably less vivid view of him than the Oration or the Letters—are his most classical works; and Livy is a more classical writer than Tacitus. The vivacity and simplicity of

* *The Life and Adventures of Robinson Crusoe. With Memoir of the Author, and an Essay on his Writings.* Routledge. 1859.

the Greeks prevented them from attaining that power of writing original and *bond fide* commonplaces which is the essence of classical literature in this sense of the word; and there is hardly any one of the common Greek authors whose writings are exactly fitted for school-books. Of all human compositions, so far as we know, none can compare, for this purpose, with a certain class of French books. French poetry in general, and French tragedies in particular, seem to have been originally composed for the express purpose of being learned by heart by boys' and girls' schools; and *Telemaque*, perhaps, carries the classical character to the very highest pitch which it can possibly reach.

Our own list of classical books is by no means a large one. Every one of our great authors has been far too vehement in his temper, and has possessed a character far too strongly marked, to be capable of writing the sort of model books which the word "classical" suggests. Pope occasionally wrote in that strain; but the extraordinary force, not only of his understanding, but of his feelings, constantly broke through it. The denunciation of Lord Hervey—

"That bug with painted wings,
That gilded child of dirt that stinks and stings—" has not that repose which marks the caste of classical literature. Addison, however, and Gray, were true classics, and so we think, though only in respect of *Robinson Crusoe*, was Defoe. Our description of the characteristics of classical books and writers may appear to clash with this; for it is impossible to doubt that, whatever faults he had, want of spirit or of originality was not amongst them. There were few braver men in England, and hardly any were less in bondage to the opinions of their neighbors; for he passed a life of danger and hardship solely in consequence of his determination to think and act for himself on every possible occasion with the most heroic disregard to his personal comfort and safety; nor has any writer thought for himself with more persistency, or stamped his own character more vigorously on every one of his productions. True, however, as all this may be, and widely as these qualities may differ from those which distinguish the kind of books which we have spoken of as classical, *Robinson Crusoe* has the strongest affinity to them. It has the great peculiarity of being intensely original, and at the same time very

commonplace—qualities which exclude each other only in appearance, and which, when they meet, ensure to their possessor the very highest and most permanent kind of second-rate fame. Originality is altogether a different thing from eccentricity. It does not mean the power of seeing and thinking what no one else sees and thinks, but the power of seeing and thinking at first hand—of drawing conclusions for one's self, instead of taking up other people's conclusions. Mr. Carlyle, for example, has with perfect justice obtained the reputation of great originality, by discovering for himself, by his own personal observation of human affairs, that honesty is the best policy, and that in the long run truth will prevail and rogues be found out. On the other hand, all competent observers would agree that the principal characteristic of several writers who preach the strangest doctrine—Mr. Emerson, for example—is a total absence of the power of producing any thing more than new combinations of the phrases which they have learned from others.

When a man's independent observations upon what he sees and reads lead him to ratify the judgment which the average good sense of the age in which he lives has already passed, it is obvious that he is in the very most favorable position which he can possibly occupy for obtaining popularity. To be able to say ditto to Mr. Burke is an immense relief and satisfaction; and, when sound good sense, solid, reasonable, and not over subtle piety, and a hearty sympathy and admiration for the broad simple virtues which the common run of men can thoroughly appreciate are united with incomparable vigor, shrewdness, and raciness, the great leading requisites of a classical book are supplied. To this great fundamental characteristic *Robinson Crusoe* adds several others of hardly less importance. One of these, which can scarcely be too highly recommended for imitation in the present day, is its freedom from crotchets. There is nothing in it which is not so durable and substantial that it is as good now as on the day when it was written. In our age, almost every popular novelist tries in some way or other to set the world to rights; or, if he does not, he belongs to a party which does. He has either got political or philanthropic reforms in his eye, or there is some tone of feeling or temper of mind which he is particularly anxious to encourage. He worships

physical strength, or he derides self-consciousness, or he (or probably she) has a special love for minute self-examination, or in some other way reflects the opinions and feelings of one of the many small sections into which those who pass their time in thinking about thinking and feeling are divided.

There is absolutely not a single trace of this in *Robinson Crusoe*. No book ever took the world so completely as the author found it. He either is, or makes himself, contented with every thing, and blames no one but himself. Perhaps, when all things are considered, it would be very difficult to go through the world in a better temper. A man who is always grumbling at all his tools pays a prodigious price for such improvements as he effects in them, by the diminution both in quantity and quality of the work which he performs; and the protesting attitude in which so many people pass their lives is not only a very undignified but a very unfruitful one. That this should be so in Defoe's case is a very curious and significant fact. Mr. Forster has contended, with great ingenuity and much apparent ground, for the opinion that *Robinson Crusoe*, like so many other novels, is a sort of allegory on the author's own life. He holds that the desert island, the contrivances, the attacks of savages, and the hero's insatiable love of rambling are meant to shadow forth the experience of a man who had gone through every vicissitude of life—who was at one time in personal communication with William III., and at another imprisoned and pilloried for libel—who had known almost every form of danger and every degree of comfort and distress, and who, throughout the whole of his career, was one of the most ardent, enthusiastic, and adventurous of mankind. Should this conjecture be true, it would furnish another proof of the unmanliness of denouncing as unfair, the rules of the game of life. Defoe, if any one, had a right to do so; but his difficulties and dangers suggested to him, not a Byronic grimace, but the most cheerful and honest of smiles. It is impossible to read the book without loving the author, in so far as he is represented by the hero.

One or two of the points in *Robinson Crusoe*'s character have escaped the notice which they deserve, though they appear to us to be exactly those which put the book into a class altogether different from the mere children's

stories upon the same text which have become so common of late years. There is extraordinary art in the manner in which the fundamental point in Crusoe's character is kept in view through every part of his life, notwithstanding his own lamentations over it. He recognizes on all occasions the duty and wisdom of pursuing a sort of solid comfort as the ideal of life. His father gives him solemn advice to do so in his early youth, and to the very end of the book he continually points out how much happier and better he should have been if he had followed his advice; and yet he never does follow it, and never even seriously tries to follow it. He laments over his adventures; he is keenly sensible of the poignancy of the miseries in which they involve him; and yet, as soon as he is out of one difficulty, he takes the readiest means to get into another. Perhaps nothing can exemplify more perfectly the workings of an enthusiastic, adventurous temperament, and few things are more worthy of the observation of those who study the causes of human actions. Why do men travel—why do they write books—or study art or science—or plan great works in the face of difficulties, troubles, and perplexities to which they are far more keenly alive than people of a more phlegmatic temperament? The cause is a certain overmastering impulse which cannot be classed under any one of the fifteen heads into which Bentham divided the pleasures that, in his view, were the only springs of human action (for to call it a "pleasure of address" would be a perversion of language), and which has not been satisfactorily described by any one who of late years has written upon metaphysical subjects. It is true that this impulse forms the text of a large proportion of novels; but to recognize its force in connection with a view of life so pre-eminently literal, prosaic, and sensible as that which pervades *Robinson Crusoe*, was a very great proof of the real genius which Defoe possessed.

Another feature of a similar kind is the union which exists in Crusoe of a thoroughly commonplace understanding with a very rare temperament. His courage, perseverance, and general strength of character are almost heroic, but he is far from being a particularly brilliant or ingenious man. As Coleridge very justly observes, great judgment is shown in making him unable to contrive so simple a matter as the manufacture of ink—a difficulty

which it was not absolutely essential for him to overcome, but which would have been far less formidable for a really ingenious man than the manufacture of baskets or tobacco-pipes. What is absolutely necessary he can invent, but invention in itself gives him hardly any artistic satisfaction. The same union appears in his conduct as well as in his contrivances. Nothing can exceed the calmness and gravity of the conclusions which he draws from the various strange events of his life, and yet, calm and considerate as his principles of reasoning are, he fires up at the slightest provocation with an ardor which would appear to belong to quite another man. Thus when, on leaving the island after his second visit, his ship is surrounded by a fleet of savages, he bears their attack, in the first instance, in the most philosophic spirit. Though one of the men, in a boat alongside, was "very much wounded, I called out to them not to fire by any means, but we handed down some deal boards into the boat, and the carpenter presently set up a kind of fence to cover them from the arrows." Afterwards, however, when they fired again and shot Friday, he fires a broadside which upsets thirteen or fourteen of their canoes and kills and wounds an indefinite number of the savages, and his only observation is—"I thought myself not only justifiable before God and man, but would have been very glad if I could have overset every canoe there and drowned every one of them." Nothing is more common in real life than a contrast between natural temper and acquired convictions, and hardly any thing is so difficult to represent in fiction with any approach to fidelity.

One of the most curious points about *Robinson Crusoe* is the degree in which Defoe has contrived, by mere power of style, to blind his readers to the fact that the story is in itself all but impossible. The minute details and the elaborate care with which every circumstance is painted in the very soberest colors with which it is possible to invest it, take off the reader's attention from several detailed inaccuracies, and from, at least, two impossibilities. The history of the boy Xury and of Crusoe's escape from the Moors is so charmingly told that probably hardly any one would observe that it contains a contradiction. "Here I meditated nothing but my escape. I had nobody to communicate it to that would embark with me—no fellow-slave, no English-

man, Irishman, or Scotchman there but myself." Yet, in the very next page, mention is made of "the carpenter of his ship, who was also an English slave," and Xury is made to talk broken English; "such English Xury spoke by conversing amongst us slaves." Several similar inaccuracies might be pointed out; but the fact that they do not in the least diminish the extraordinary air of truthfulness for which the book is famous, is perhaps one of the most curious proofs that could be given of the doctrine that the credibility of a story is an affair rather of the imagination than of the understanding. An *à priori* notion of what the truth ought to be weighs with most men far more than any critical judgment as to what it must be like.

The impossibilities in Crusoe's story are both of the moral kind. No man could live twenty-eight years in a desert island and not go mad. Selkirk passed a far shorter period in solitude, and he could hardly speak when he was rescued; nor is it conceivable that a man in such a condition should have sufficient self-control to admit to himself the certainty

that he would never be able to leave the island, and to regulate all his conduct accordingly. The psychological side of the story is never suggested to the reader; and the elaborate care with which his attention is diverted to a number of small mechanical details prevents him from seeing that there is any psychological side at all. An equal or greater difficulty exists in the account of Friday. He is utterly unlike a real savage. He is simply a well-conditioned, but very ignorant, Englishman with a tawny skin. It is unquestionably true that both Crusoe and Friday are merely ideal characters, and that their respective lives are fundamentally impossible; but it is a truth which would hardly suggest itself to any reader who did not look into the matter with a good deal of curiosity. That this should be so is a great proof of Defoe's peculiar gifts. No one ever had such an instinct for the detection of the poetical side of common life, and hardly any one can be mentioned whose career so fully embodied the matter-of-fact and solid enthusiasm which is the soul of his writings.

MRS. STOWE AND THE AUTHOR OF ADAM BEDE.—The *London Illustrated Times*, in a notice of "The Minister's Wooing," contrasts Mrs. Stowe with Miss Evans, the author of Adam Bede. The following is an extract from the article:—

"Mrs. Stowe, as our readers must be aware, has been found incomprehensible, or rather difficult to appreciate, by large masses of the public, and by very intelligent critical authorities. There is much in her writings which those who are not familiar with a particular section of society must fail to take in; and there are traces of clumsiness, weakness, and imperfect culture which have raised the question whether there must not have been two brains employed over 'Uncle Tom' and 'Dred'—one for the strong parts and one for the poor parts—one a man's brain, the other a woman's. The question, however, is one which should never have been entertained, because this remarkable lady is consistent in those unevennesses of style and thought which originally provoked it. From her first miscellaneous sketches to the volume now before us the same characteristics are apparent, the same fluctuation, the same occasional bad taste, the same incessant conflict between æsthetic and ethical views of life and conduct. The true explanation of all that has puzzled some too ingenious students of the writings of Mrs. Stowe is not far to seek. First of all, she is, beyond question, a born artist—a woman of fine faculty, with pathos, poetry, and humor in great abundance. Then, she was brought up under the shelter of orthodoxy, and, for the most flexible

and cultivable years of her life, saw God's great world through a chapel window.

"At the same time her associations were mostly (for the situation) of a superior order of character and intelligence; and news of 'far countries' in thought, and isles of the blest in feeling, reached her from time to time in the minister's pew. She read, she heard, she saw, she trembled, she doubted, she hesitated, she consulted 'Parley, the Porter,' she broke bounds! But it was now late on, in a busy, anxious, wearing, life, and the new culture had to be availed of by fits and starts, and the fresh excitements revenged themselves in languors, and necessary cares made gaps in the fresh labors: and what was old to outsiders was new to her, and put down as new: and here she was obliged to compromise with the minister's pew, and there with what she saw in the highway, and her work was necessarily uneven—weak here and strong there. No one with an unsettled theory of life can write evenly, especially if the pen be busy with a story—unless, indeed, the genius be of a purely dramatic order. Mrs. Stowe's is not genius, nor is it that of the author of 'Adam Bede,' between whom and herself there are many striking features of resemblance. The incessant fluctuations in the writings of the two authors is a point of comparison which lies on the surface, and arises, we doubt not, from similar causes in both cases. The author of 'Adam Bede,' however, has seen a thousand times more of the world than Mrs. Stowe, has evidently much more scholarship, is altogether a person of a larger, less crotchety less prohibitory culture."

From The Spectator.

DR. MAGINN ON FALSTAFF.

To be prized for Shakspeare's sake by all who love him,—is the collection of papers by the late Dr. Maginn, now published for the first time in a collected form.* They appeared originally in *Bentley's Miscellany* about twenty years ago, and it is a matter of painful wonder to us that such choice productions of the best days of our periodical literature should have been allowed to be buried so long in such a crypt as the back numbers of an old magazine. The subjects of the papers, which are eight in number, are the characters of Falstaff, Jaques, Romeo, Bottom the Weaver, Lady Macbeth, Timon, Polonius, and Iago. We do not always agree with Dr. Maginn's views of these characters; especially we dissent from those he holds with regard to Lady Macbeth and her husband; but even when we most disagree with this acute and genial critic we delight in his adroit and engaging manner of presenting his case, and we find it a profitable exercise to try the soundness of our own opinions by collision with those which he defends with such masterly skill and amplitude of resource.

The essay on Falstaff is one of the most remarkable in the book, and its reasoning appears to us conclusive. Dr. Maginn refutes, one by one, Dr. Johnson's dicta upon the character, and shows how groundless is the popular notion of Falstaff, that he is no better than an upper class Scapin. The players, he says, could hardly resist the temptation to represent the gross fat man as a mere buffoon, and to turn the attention of the spectators to his corporal qualities and the practical jests of which he is the object. But Shakspeare's Falstaff was a man utterly unlike this vulgar portrait. He is lord paramount of that "wonderful court of princes, beggars, judges, swindlers, heroes, bullies, gentlemen, scoundrels, justices, thieves, knights, tapsters, and the rest whom he drew about him." He is the suzerain to whom all pay homage, and when Prince Hal himself thinks he is making a butt of the tun of a man the parts are exactly reversed. If we would not mistake appearances for realities, if we would not be misled by what others say of Falstaff, and by what he himself says and does when he is

playing a part for his own advantage, we must consider for a moment who and what he was.

"We find by incidental notices that he was reared, when a boy, page to Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, head of one of the greatest houses that ever was in England, and the personal antagonist of him who was afterwards Henry IV.; that he was in his youth on familiar terms with John of Gaunt, the first man of the land after the death of his father and brother; and that, through all his life, he had been familiar with the lofty and distinguished. We can, therefore, conjecture what had been his youth and his manhood; we see what he actually is in declining age. In this, if I mistake not, will be found the true solution of the character; here is what the French call the *mot d'énigme*. Conscious of powers and talents far surpassing those of the ordinary run of men, he finds himself outstripped in the race. He must have seen many a man whom he utterly despised, rising over his head to emoluments. The very persons upon whom, it would appear to Dr. Johnson, he was intruding, were many of them his early companions,—many more his juniors at court. He might have attended his old patron, the duke, at Coventry, upon St. Lambert's day, when Richard II. flung down the warder amidst the greatest men of England. If he jested in the tilt-yard with John of Gaunt, could he feel that any material obstacle prevented him from mixing with those who composed the court of John of Gaunt's son?

"In fact he is a dissipated man of rank, with a thousand times more wit than ever fell to the lot of all the men of rank in the world. But he has ill played his cards in life. He grumbles not at the advancement of men of his own order; but the bitter drop of his soul overflows when he remembers how he and that cheeseparing Shallow began the world, and reflects that the starveling justice has land and beeves, while he, the wit and the gentleman, is penniless, and living from hand to mouth, by the casual shifts of the day. He looks at the goodly dwelling and the riches of him whom he had once so thoroughly contemned, with an inward pang that he has scarcely a roof under which he can lay his head. The tragic Macbeth, in the agony of his last struggle, acknowledges with a deep despair that the things which should accompany old age—as honor, love, obedience, troops of friends—he must not look to have. The comic Falstaff says nothing on the subject; but, by the choice of such associates as Bardolph, Pistol, and the rest of that following, he tacitly declares that he, too, has lost the advantages which should be attendant on

* *Shakspeare Papers: Pictures Grave and Gay.*
By William Maginn, LL.D. Published by Bentley.

years. No curses loud or deep have accompanied his festive career,—its conclusion is not the less sad on that account: neglect, forgotten friendships, services overlooked, shared pleasures unremembered, and fair occasions gone forever by, haunt him, no doubt, as sharply as the consciousness of deserving universal hatred galls the soul of Macbeth. . . .

"With such feelings, what can Falstaff, after having gone through a life of adventure, care about the repute of courage or cowardice? To divert the prince, he engages in a wild enterprise,—nothing more than what would be called a 'lark' now. When deer-stealing ranked as no higher offence than robbing orchards—not indeed so high as the taking a slice off a loaf by a wandering beggar, which some weeks ago has sent the vagrant who committed the 'crime' to seven years transportation—such robberies as those at Gadshill, especially as all parties well knew that the money taken there was surely to be repaid, as we find it is in the end, were of a comparatively venial nature. Old father antic, the Law, had not yet established his undoubted supremacy; and taking purses, even in the days of Queen Elizabeth, was not absolutely incompatible with gentility. . . .

"His Gadshill adventure was a jest,—a jest, perhaps, repeated after too many precedents; but still, according to the fashion and the humor of the time, nothing more than a jest. His own view of such transactions is recorded; he considers Shallow as a fund of jesting to amuse the prince, remarking that it is easy to amuse 'with a sad brow' (with a solemnity of appearance) 'a fellow that never had the ache in his shoulders.' What was to be accomplished by turning the foolish justice into ridicule, was also to be done by inducing the true prince to become for a moment a false thief. The serious face of robbery was assumed 'to keep Prince Harry in perpetual laughter.' That, in Falstaff's circumstances, the money obtained by the night's exploit would be highly acceptable, cannot be doubted; but the real object was to amuse the prince. He had no idea of making an exhibition of bravery on such an occasion; Poins well knew his man when he said beforehand, 'As for the third, if he fight longer than he see reason, I'll forswear arms:' his end was as much obtained by the prince's jokes upon his cowardice. It was no matter whether he invented what tended to laughter, or whether it was invented upon him. The object was won so the laughter was in any manner excited. The exaggerated tale of the misbegotten knaves in Kendal-green, and his other lies, gross and mountainous, are told with no other purpose; and one is almost tempted to believe him when he says that he knew who were his as-

sailants, and ran for the greater amusement. At all events, it is evident that he cares nothing on the subject. He offers a jocular defence; but immediately passes to matter of more importance than the question of his standing or running:—

"But, lads, I'm glad you have the money.

Hostess!

Clap to the doors; watch to-night, pray to-morrow.

Gallants, lads, boys, hearts-o'-gold! All the titles of

Good fellowship come to you!"

The money is had; the means of enjoying it are at hand. Why waste our time in inquiring how it has been brought here, or permit nonsensical discussions on my valor or cowardice to delay for a moment the jovial appearance of the bottle?"

There are no traces in the two parts of *Henry IV.* of Falstaff's being a glutton; nor is he ever represented as drunk, or even affected by wine. The copious potations of sack do not cloud his intellect or embarrass his tongue.

"We must also observe he never laughs. Others laugh with him, or at him; but no laughter from him who occasions or permits it. He jests with a sad brow. The wit which he profusely scatters about is from the head, not the heart. Its satire is slight, and never malignant or affronting; but still it is satirical, and seldom joyous. It is any thing but *fun*. Original genius and long practice have rendered it easy and familiar to him, and he uses it as a matter of business. He has too much philosophy to show that he feels himself misplaced; we discover his feelings by slight indications, which are, however, quite sufficient. I fear that this conception of the character could never be rendered popular on the stage; but I have heard in private the part of Falstaff read with a perfectly grave, solemn, slow, deep, and sonorous voice, touched occasionally somewhat with the broken tone of age, from beginning to end, with admirable effect. But I can imagine him painted according to my idea. He is always caricatured. . . . He rises before me as an elderly and very corpulent gentleman, dressed like other military men of the time, [of Elizabeth, observe, not Henry.] yellow-cheeked, white-bearded, double-chinned, with a good-humored but grave expression of countenance, sensuality in the lower features of his face, high intellect in the upper.

"Such is the idea I have formed of Falstaff, and perhaps some may think I am right. It required no ordinary genius to carry such a character through so great a variety of incidents with so perfect a consistency. It is not

a difficult thing to depict a man corroded by care within, yet appearing gay and at ease without, if you every moment pull the machinery to pieces, as children do their toys, to show what is inside. But the true art is to let the attendant circumstances bespeak the character, without being obliged to label him: '*Here you may see the tyrant;*' or, '*Here is the man heavy of heart, light of manner.*'

"Your ever-melancholy and ostentatiously broken-hearted heroes are felt to be bores, endurable only on account of the occasional beauty of the poetry in which they figure.

We grow tired of 'the gloom the fabled He-brew wanderer wore,' etc., and sympathize as little with perpetual lamentations over mental sufferings endured, or said to be endured, by active youth and manhood, as we should be with its ceaseless complaints of the physical pain of corns or toothache. The death-bed of Falstaff, told in the patois of Dame Quickly to her debauched and profligate auditory, is a thousand times more pathetic to those who have looked upon the world with reflective eye, than all the morbid mournings of Childe Harold and his poetical progeny."

WOMEN ARTISTS AT THE SOUTH.—In a new work, entitled "Women Artists in all ages and Countries," by Mrs. E. F. Ellet, we find the following tribute paid to some of the native Charleston and South Carolina female artists.—*Evening Post.*

"Julia Du Pré, a native of Charleston, South Carolina, was educated at Mrs. Willard's school in Troy, New York. On leaving the school she accompanied her mother and sister to Paris. Mrs. Du Pré wished to cultivate to the utmost her daughter's talents for music and painting, and gave her the advantage of the best foreign masters. They had been three years in France, when a sudden reverse deprived them of their ample fortune; yet, with reduced means, they remained a year longer, that Julia might devote herself to the study of painting in oil. On their return to Charleston, Mrs. Du Pré and her daughters opened a school for young ladies, which was attended with success. The continual occupation of teaching, however, deprived Julia of time and opportunity for the severe study necessary to perfect herself in the art to which she had wished to devote her life. Every hour of leisure she could command was given to portrait painting, and to making copies of admired works. Many of these were executed with great skill, and drew praise from Sully and other eminent critics. One of her best portraits is that of Count Alfred de Vigny, who had been intimate with her family during their residence in Paris. Miss Du Pré also made a fine copy from Parmegiano, of a Virgin and Child, and a Dido on the Funeral Pile, from Giulio Romano. These, and other paintings gained her considerable repute as an artist. She married Henry Bonnethean, a miniature painter of acknowledged merit, and continues to reside in Charleston. She spent the summer of 1856 in

Paris, for the sake of improving herself in pastel painting, and has lately finished some exquisite works in that style. "The Love-letter," in the possession of her brother-in-law, Dr. Dickson, of Philadelphia, "The Liaisons," and "L'Espagnole," have been highly praised among these.

Mrs. Bonnethean's gifts are crowned with the loveliest traits of woman's character. She is esteemed and beloved by a large circle of friends in Charleston, among whom are some of the best educated men in this country.

The Misses Withers, of Charleston, South Carolina, paint in oil and water colors, and cut cameos with much ability and skill. They have also modelled groups and figures with success, and are devoted to these branches of art.

Mrs. Charlotte Cheves is an amateur artist who might have gained celebrity had her life been given to the study of painting. She was Miss McCord, and was born in Columbia, South Carolina. She married Mr. Langdon Cheves, and resides on his rice plantation nearly opposite Savannah. She paints miniatures on ivory some of them excellent likenesses, and finished with great delicacy. She has also painted pictures in oil, and excels in pastels and pencil sketches. She is a musician too, and possesses a very fine voice.

Ellen Cooper, the youngest daughter of the celebrated Dr. Thomas Cooper, was a native of Columbia, South Carolina. She had a fine taste and much skill in painting and ornamental work, and was remarkable for intellectual culture and knowledge of general literature. She lived some years in Mobile with her sister and there married Mr. James Hanna, who took her to reside on his sugar plantation, near Thibodeaux, in Louisiana. She died in October, 1858. Her sister is one of the most accomplished amateur artists in the Southern States.

From The Examiner.

Original Papers, illustrating the History of the Application of the Roman Alphabet to the Languages of India. Edited by Monier Williams, M.A. Longman, Brown, Green, & Co. 1859.

THE subject of this volume is not a popular, but it is a very useful one, and incidentally there is brought before us a great deal of very interesting matter. The contributors are, of course, one and all, and whatever side of the question at issue they take, accomplished orientalist; and in confirmation we need only name James Prinsep of European reputation, the indefatigable Sir Charles Trevelyan, the Rev. Mr. Duff, a strong man among the strong, and the skilful editor, Professor Monier Williams. With the exception of Mr. Prinsep, all the contributors now named are in favor of the Roman letters, leaving the native alphabets to professed scholars and critics, and words naturalized in English, as they ought to be, to the popular orthography, without heeding its inaccuracy.

The arguments in favor of an adapted system of Roman letters for the expression of Indian sounds appear to us triumphant, and we shall state a few of the facts which lead us to this conclusion. On the continent of India there are no fewer than twenty-two languages, and most of them are written ones. This is exclusive of several written tongues eastward of the Ganges, or in the Malay Islands, all within our rule. Within Hindustan there are five distinct indigenous alphabets, which, however, admit, according to the populations using them, of no fewer than nine different modifications so unlike their originals, that they are unreadable by those familiar with the latter. Thus, then, we have no fewer than fourteen essentially different written characters. Then comes the Arabian alphabet, in India written in three distinct forms. Beyond Hindustan we find two written characters in the territory acquired from the Burmese, and three (exclusive of Chinese hieroglyphics) in our settlements among the Eastern Islands.

Of all the Hindu alphabets, the most comprehensive is that in which the dead Sanskrit is usually written in Northern India, called the Dewanagri, a term which literally signifies that it originated with the very gods themselves. It is called copious, but is really only redundant, and this to perplexity and confusion. It has no fewer than thirty-four

consonants, of which thirteen, although distinct characters, are mere aspirates of the same sounds. With one exception, it has no substantive characters for its vowels, which are mere orthographic signs annexed to the consonants. The most accomplished of all living orientalist, Horace Hayman Wilson, tells us that in this alphabet a single word of three syllables may be written in one hundred and eight different ways! An alphabet capable of such vagaries ought not to be called perfect.

As to the Arabic alphabet, in its three distinct forms, it has no substantive characters for its short vowels, which are expressed by diacritic marks, always omitted in writing, so that the pronunciation of a word can only be guessed at, and the reader, indeed, can never be sure of a word unless he understands it beforehand. When this alphabet is used for the Persian language it requires four supplemental letters, and when for a Hindu tongue no fewer than seven, and even then it does its task imperfectly.

No Indian alphabet has capital letters, and no Indian writing any system of punctuation, so that, unless in metrical composition, no one can tell where a sentence or a paragraph begins or ends. The nations speaking the Bengali language are computed at thirty million, out of which one person in thirty only is said to be able to read, and assuredly not even one out of this thirty can write, for writing in the East is a craft by no means so numerous as that of barbers. But what sort of readers, says Sir Charles Trevelyan, are the people of Bengal. "Even pundits and moonshees (Hindu and Mohamedan doctors), and much more the common people, read with difficulty, stopping to spell words, and repeating over and over the last two or three words while they are studying out the next. There are probably not five hundred persons in all India, not educated by Europeans, who could take up a translation in their own character of any work in philology, morals, or religion, and read it extempore with understanding."

Such being the state of all the oriental alphabets, it has been proposed and carried that the Roman alphabet, with characters modified to express all the sounds of all the Asiatic alphabets, should for general use be substituted. For this purpose the system propounded by Sir William Jones, and described by him in the very first paper of the first volume of the *Asiatic Transactions*, has been adopted, with trifling alterations. It consists of sixty-six letters, or combinations of letters, and in these may be expressed the sounds of every language from Turkey to China. Already several popular works have been printed in it.

THE NIGHT WIND.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

THE sun, wrapped in a shroud of mist, dropped down

Behind a dismal mound of funeral clouds.
No star shone out to light the solitude,
When, from a rent in the thick threat'ning heaven,

Out stole the ruffian wind, on mischief bent.
At midnight, while reposing on my couch,
His stealthy hand came feeling at my door,
And at the lattice drummed with touch unseen,
Thrusting his arm through every open pane,
Rattling the blinds and scaring sleep away,
Piping a low bass on the chimney's flute,
Unhinging careless gates and swinging signs,
And, with his lips upon a thousand tubes,
At once blew a loud, universal blast.

He woke a rose-lipped maiden from her dreams,
Then from the bent mast shook her sailor boy
Into the watery grave he scooped for him;
Returning then on wings invisible,
Shriek'd in her ears the story of his death.
Black thunder clouds came roaring from the south,

Like lions through the desert of the night,
Scaring the earth and blinding all the sky.
With darkness dense, that filled the space between

The moonless heaven and melancholy earth,
As sin fills the dark bosom with despair;
When lo! a crinkling flash revealed the scene
Of wood and stream and bridge and flashing spire.

As momentary gleams of conscience show
Poor unrepentant man his past sad life.
Flash followed flash, and peal succeeded peal,
As if the angry spirit of the storm
Would shake the stars out of the stooping sky.
From the rent clouds down poured the arrowy rain,

Then milder airs did soothe the sobbing storm,
Which, like a sad heart, found relief in tears.

—N. Y. Evening Post.

NOW AND THEN.

BY MARK HUNTER.

My heart has had a heavy shock;

Not agony, or bitter strife,

But from a blissful dream I woke

To live once more my early life.

Long have I been a wanderer,

But yesternight I stood again

Where I have hoped, and smiled, and wept,

Where first I loved, and loved in vain.

"Full many a heart in the rebound
Is caught," so all the wise ones teach;
And when no more I heard the sound

Of Kitty's silvery laugh and speech;

Nor saw the sunny glance and smile,

Now torturing, now blessing me,

My heart grew stronger all the while,

And proud to know itself so free.

When Mary's soft blue eyes had healed
The wounds that Kitty's dark ones made,
These roses well those thorns concealed,
This sunshine gilded o'er that shade,
And thinking of my plighted vow
I said last night with spirit free,
I care no more for Kitty now
Than Kitty cares for me.

But when they told me she was dead;

That but a few short weeks ago

Her body found an earthly bed,

And *she* the home that spirits know—

Faded from sight the vision new,

Faded, those soft blue eyes, and fast

My own were dimmed as to my view

Rose up the picture of the past.

I found her grave. A marble white

Gleamed coldly thro' the moonlight pale—

Her name, her age, some sentence trite

Told briefly the unwelcome tale.

And, kneeling by that lowly bed,

While brightly shone the lamps of night,

And summer breezes sighed, I shed

A few tears for a lost delight.

Farewell, farewell! I love once more,

And know *this* love finds welcome meet

The future may have much in store,

And yet, old memories are sweet.

And sometimes in my sunny home,

Like far-off beaming stars, between

My later love and me, may come

The clear dark eyes of Kitty Green.

—Even. Post.

AD GARIBALDUM.

DUM patrio sermone meo celebrare parabam
Facta tua, Italiæ gloria summa, Liger!
Hoc monitu calatum correptum Musa repressit
"Conveniunt potius verba Latina viro,
Ille quidem Liger est, sed et est Romanus, et
Urbem
Tutatus, vindex protulit arma foras.
Libertatem alii produnt, victricia fedant
Signa; his absimilis regibus unus adest.
Ergo Romanâ Garibaldus voce canendus
Atque inter fastos concelebrandus erit."
LANDOR.

FREE PARAPHRASE OF THE ABOVE.

"O glory of Liguria!" Thus began
My song to Garibaldi, when the Muse
Seiz'd on the pen, and said, "Liguria boasts
His birth, but Rome asserts another claim.
He marshal'd her true sons in her defence
Against a perjurer to Liberty,
And follow'd her, nor call'd her home in vain.
Let others mount the throne; his seat stands
higher;
Therefore shall Rome with solemn jubilee
Sing of him in the voice she sang of old,
When from her gates first skulkt the fraudful
Gaul.

W. S. L.

From The Press, 8 Oct.

THE TURKISH CONSPIRACY.

THE recently attempted, but happily anticipated, conspiracy against the sultan, turns out to have had the dimensions, the inspirations, and the designs of a national insurrection. Ulemas and soldiers of high rank and repute appear to have been implicated in it. It is not surprising. The present sultan is a weak and sensual debauchee, a spendthrift ruler, and deeply and inextricably in debt. He is surrounded by a set that gratify his appetites and fill their own pockets, perfectly contented if the explosion which they see to be inevitable do not occur in their days. Under the reign of Mahmoud, who crushed the Janizaries, the revenues exceeded the expenditure of the nation. There were then left unexpended on the race many of the simple and severe habits of the desert. But under the present sultan the national debt exceeds thirty millions, and is daily increasing. The miserable people, unable to live under their heavy burdens, seem to have found exponents of their wants and wretchedness, who organized one other conspiracy additional to hundreds more or less successful. It has happily failed. But it reveals the fearful disorganization in progress.

The last state of the Ottoman empire is, in fact, worse than its first. Steadily it wastes, and its crescent wanes. Nothing stays its descent. The old Turks are crossing the Bosphorus in crowds, in order to die and be buried in Asia, their real country, and thereby escape, as they suppose, the grasp of the Giaour. The rites and ceremonies that separated them from Christians are not only dissolving, but are disregarded even by the sultan. Albanian thieves make ceaseless irruptions on the nearest Turkish provinces, and the plague blasts what the scimitar of the robber has left. Sensual and licentious habits lessen the number of the births, and opium increases the number of the deaths. They seem to feel, as a nation, that Europe is in no sense their country, but merely their camp; and some of them believe that a year is definitely fixed by Allah, and that, too, very near at hand, when they must decamp, and pitch their tents under a sunnier sky, and on the bosom of a more generous and productive earth. Turkey is dying out from want of Turks. The utter decay of this people is reduced now almost to a question of months, not years. Already nine millions of Christians feel restless under the barbarous government of less than three millions of Mahometans. Already what constituted the Ottoman empire not many years ago is no portion of it now. The archipelago, Greece, Bessarabia, Algiers, and Egypt are all landlips from the Ottoman empire. It thus dies by inward de-

cay and outward dismemberment at the same time. The recent conspiracy is merely one of the last spasms of expiring Mahometanism—a desperate effort to arrest exhaustion, and reinstate the Koran in its ancient supremacy. It did not, and it cannot succeed in this aim. Very soon after the end of the Russian war the roads were covered with emigrants from the towns and villages on the Danube making towards Constantinople, thence to pass into Asia. An instinct they could neither resist nor explain, impelled them onward. From the provinces bounded by Varna, Rustchuk, the Danube, and the Black Sea, it has been calculated that one half of the Mussulman population retreated in 1855. The Turks have long ceased to look beyond the present. It is their all in this world. Decay is written on minaret and mosque—on young and old. The nation, in short, has become a mere obstructive. There is no national life—no morality. There are no manufactures, no arts, no science, no literature. There is merely the sick man dying. It has not overcome, but cleverly anticipated, the recent conspiracy, that, if successful, would have been its death-blow; and unsuccessful as it has been, like all else, it yet helps on the inevitable doom. More than one imperial eye is riveted on this gradually depopulating land. It will belong soon to some one. Will it be the czar's, as he believes; or Napoleon's, as he wishes?

There is a memorable passage in the conversations of Napoleon I. at St. Helena, which seems nearer prophecy than shrewd conjecture. He said:—

"In the natural course of things, and in a few years, Turkey must fall to Russia. The greatest part of its population are Greeks, who, you may say, are Russians. The powers it would injure are England, France, Prussia, and Austria. As to Austria it will be very easy for Russia to engage her assistance by giving her Serbia and other provinces bordering upon the Austrian dominions reaching near to Constantinople. The only hypothesis that France and England may ever be allied with sincerity will be in order to prevent this. But even this alliance will not avail. France, England, and Prussia united cannot prevent it. Once mistress of Constantinople, Russia gets all the commerce of the Mediterranean, becomes a great naval power, and God only knows what may happen! Russia quarrels with England, marches off to India an army of seventy thousand soldiers, which to Russia is nothing, and one hundred thousand Cossacks, and England loses India. Above all the other powers Russia is most to be feared by England."

We are persuaded that the decay of Turkey

is more or less the danger of England. Her retirement from those fair and fertile lands she has so long and so disastrously occupied will be the signal for Russia to seize on Constantinople, or France on the Mediterranean. We have no sympathy for the "sick man." But we have doubts and difficulties about those who are waiting for his shoes. Hence every convulsion or conspiracy in Constantinople has a reflected interest and a resounding echo in London; and evermore the question crops up, Who is to have Constantinople? Czar or emperor, he that holds it has hanging at his girdle the keys of the commerce of the world.

Russia is busy in China. She is busy laying down rails at home. Let us see if she be not also fully occupied about Constantinople in helping on that catastrophe which opens up what is inscribed on one of her conspicuous monuments, "The Road to Constantinople."

From The Press, 22 Oct.

THE MAHOMETAN "REVIVAL."

WHATEVER may be the cause, there is now no denying the fact of the existence of what we may term a Mahometan "revival." To all outward appearance the "sick man" is rapidly approaching the last stage of his malady, but we had hardly anticipated that an attempt would have been made by his own subjects to hasten his end. There still exists, we believe, in Bengal, a practice of cutting short the last days of a parent, in order to secure him a larger measure of prospective felicity, but until now we had imagined that custom to be unique. The revelations of the late Turkish plot have undeceived us. The same savage spirit of fanaticism, which has more than once during the last few months broken forth in acts of lust and cruelty along the coast of Syria, burns as fiercely as ever in the veins of every true son of Islam. The hatred to every thing that savors of Christianity, which is at present hounding on the Moors of Morocco and Tangiers against all foreigners, and which has compelled even the consuls of the various European powers to seek safety on board ship, is as rampant now on the shores of the Bosphorus as in the days of Sultan Solymán himself. The eagerness with which every Moslem hailed the revolt in India, which owed its extent, if not its origin, to their unwearied efforts, was but one out of many instances of the increasing antipathy to all outside their own communion which is distinctive of the followers of the Prophet in the present day. They gloated over the reverses sustained by the infidels; they were avowedly foremost in the nameless indignities which were inflicted upon the fugitives wherever they could be perpetrated with impunity; the

slumbering flames of religious hate were once more rekindled. Regardless of the fact that the ruler of the faithful owed his very throne to the hands of the Giaour, all feelings of gratitude were cast to the winds, and the most vindictive creed which the world has yet seen stood out again in all its naked deformity. Vain as any attempt must necessarily prove to resuscitate the dying embers of a religion which has long wanted all the essential elements of vitality, it will nevertheless assuredly be made. In Hindostan the green flag of the Prophet was repeatedly unfurled. It was to the old Moslem war-cry of "Deen! deen!" that the most dangerous, because the most reckless, of our opponents invariably rallied. In the name of the faith their wretched victims were still more recently done to death upon the shores of the Red Sea. The American missionaries at Jaffa, who fell with their families into the hands of some of the most brutal fiends that the world ever saw, were avowedly marked out for outrage on the ground of their religion. In Africa, at the present moment, a quarrel which has arisen from attempts to put down undisguised piracy has been instantaneously invested with all the sanctities of a religious struggle. From East to West, and from the barren sands of Mauritania to the fertile plains of Hindostan, the same traces of excitement are visible, the same dogged determination on the part of the Moslem to re-assert their ancient supremacy or to perish in the attempt. Like the last expiring effort of some mighty conflagration, the flame rises highest and roars loudest when it is about to be quenched forever. To the inexperienced eye the danger seems greater than ever: it is only the practised observer who can discover that the last outbursts of the devouring element are but a token of its coming decay.

The most extraordinary symptoms of the whole movement have been reserved for the headquarters of the faith, Constantinople. As the tangled skeins of the thread gradually unwind themselves, we stand aghast at the extent and completeness of the plot which was so nearly ripe for execution. Two hours alone saved the sultan himself and his adherents from assassination. It would appear that for some time past a growing jealousy or innovations had existed among what is called the old Turkish party. The successor of the Prophet had in fact appeared in the un congenial character of a reformer. He had conceded to infidels the rights incidental to a bare existence, and was even guilty of having placed them in some respects upon an equal footing with the faithful. Of course such backsliding was not to be tolerated for an instant. The conspirators numbered in their ranks more than one officer of high station,

and a very large proportion of subalterns, chiefly among those who were attached to the artillery. Doctors of the law were plentiful among them, including some men possessed of considerable influence with the fanatical population of the capital. They had fifteen thousand troops at their immediate disposal, and the number could have been doubled in three days. The enormous purchases of arms of every description by the richer classes, which had of late more than once excited the anxiety of the government and the consular authorities, are now sufficiently accounted for. Every Turk in Constantinople had been provided with weapons, and the success of the first attempt would have been a signal for the rise of the population *en masse*. The deposition of the sultan himself, to be followed by the dismissal of his whole cabinet and his own voluntary abdication, were to have been the first demands. The repeal of the Hatti-Humaïoun, and the destruction of those frail barriers which place a limit upon the luxury of persecution, were the next stage. Every measure which has lately been conceded to the representations of those to whom the Turkish empire is indebted for its very existence, would shortly have shared the same fate. The army and government employes were to have been conciliated by the liquidation of their arrears of pay and salary, and the return to the worst days of fanaticism and intolerance would ere long have been a *fait accompli*. The accidental discovery of a clue by an active commissary of police alone prevented the success of the proposed attempt. A cold-blooded massacre was at once to have silenced forever the doubts of the scrupulous, and to have confirmed the faith of the wavering. The sultan's brother would have assumed the reins of government, under the superintendence of those to whom he owed his perilous elevation. A few hours would have sufficed to clear away all traces of the conflict, and all would again have settled down as if Abdul Medschid and his reforming tendencies had never profaned the throne of his ancestors. Upon the consequences of such a consummation it is happily now unnecessary to speculate. We may conceive the ill-concealed delight with which Russia would have received the intelligence of this fresh symptom of a break-up in the system of her Turkish patient. Prettexts for intervention would not long have been wanting, and in the existing state of relations between the great powers would probably have given rise to a European war. But for considerations of this kind men like those who form the staple of Turkish conspirators care absolutely nothing. Possessed of the oriental belief in destiny, they see unmoved the success or failure of their enterprises; while a calculation of the

probable results never enters into their heads. Present gain, whether it be of place, power, or wealth, has its attractions for them, but Metternich himself was not more indifferent to the deluge which must follow such proceedings. The worst fruit of such recklessness is the danger which menaces others from the wilful and systematic disregard of consequences which is characteristic of Eastern conspiracies. From foreign interference the sultan may be protected by his allies; but who is to repair the breaches of a house that is divided against itself? We see on the one side a faction who will stick at no obstacles to secure their own ends; on the other, a dynasty already tottering to its fall, an overburdened exchequer, an extravagant and luxurious court. Whatever vigor still attaches to Turkey concentrates itself in religious bigotry, while sluggishness and inactivity are the distinguishing characteristics of those who are regarded as the advocates of a more enlightened policy. That any serious revival of the Mahometan power can take place in the latter half of the nineteenth century we do not for a moment believe. But in the face of what has already happened it is clear that we must be prepared against outbreaks of a fanaticism which is rendered cruel and relentless by its very hopelessness of success.

From The Saturday Review, 24 Sept.

JOINT EXPEDITIONS.

No consequence of the melancholy disaster that has befallen us in China is more to be lamented than the necessity it entails on us of making a new expedition in company with the French. The experience we have already had of joining our forces with those of France alarms us. The Crimean expedition sowed the seeds of great bitterness between us and our allies. They used us in what we must call a very scurvy manner. They prevented Lord Raglan, the only chief who showed military capacity in the war, from doing himself justice at the beginning of the campaign. They insisted on our making peace, when, at the end of the struggle, we had a splendid army in the field and a first-rate fleet to sustain our reputation. They gave us the hardest work to do and the hardest knocks to bear; and then, when they came to sum up the history of the expedition, they stated so loudly and perseveringly that they had saved us from destruction, and that they had a right to claim all the success which had been won by the allies, that Europe was persuaded into believing this to have been the true story. The fact is, that we are too nearly equal to get on well together. Moreover, the French have not the qualities necessary to make pleasant allies, as the king of Sardinia has probably found out during the course of this sum-

mer. They have no generosity. They have none of the fine feeling which makes men who have labored in a common cause unwilling to clutch at a private and particular glory. We, on the other hand, though too proud to resent openly the pretensions of an ignoble arrogance, treasure up the wrong in our hearts, and cannot forgive the injustice with which our noisier colleagues attempt to throw us into the shade. There is also at the present moment a deeper cause of dislike to a new joint expedition. The emperor behaved fairly and honorably to us in the Crimean struggle, but he undoubtedly made political capital out of the alliance. He used us to give a sanction to his schemes of imperial aggrandizement. We are not now in a humor to see him make political capital out of us again. We do not desire to see him parade himself before Europe as virtually having the control of English policy. We cannot forget that our joint expedition against Russia ultimately blossomed into our absurd joint demonstration against Naples, when we combined with Louis Napoleon to protest against despotism. We can never tell how far we may get entangled. While we are joining France in shipping off soldiers, and planning the best means of forcing our way to Peking, we can scarcely approach European affairs with proper impartiality. We lose our power of checking France; and it is because we are a defensive power, and France an aggressive one—because we have no wish for Europe except to see it free and happy, while Louis Napoleon has a hundred schemes to work out for the benefit of himself and his family—that we are sure to lose most by an alliance with France when that alliance takes the form of sending out a joint expedition. The result of our being reduced to inactivity is not that France and her emperor stand still, but that they are relieved from such restraint as we can impose on their dealings with their neighbors. The ministerial press in France has expressed this truth with a coarse effrontery, and has assured the world that, now that England is to be aided by France in blowing thousands of Chinese into the air, she cannot be so ill-mannered as to oppose the establishment of imperialism in Italy.

A very little reflection will show that, whatever course France may take with regard to the new Chinese war, she is sure to gain a triumph over us. The emperor has his choice between two games, either of which he may play with ease and comfort to himself, and a reasonable hope of strengthening his position. He may either do little, or he may do much. On the one hand, he may not think it worth his while to send more than a very small force. He is not bound to send a large one. The number of French who have fallen is com-

paratively small. We had the entire responsibility of beginning the war. We have considerable interests in China to protect, while the French have scarcely any. To let the whole burden of the war fall on us would therefore be quite excusable in him, and by taking this course he would make the struggle as exhausting to England as it can be. If we have to force our way at the sword's point to Peking, we shall want many thousands of good soldiers. We can only get them by despatching them half round the globe, or by thinning the ranks of the European regiments in India, or by adopting the perilous expedient of sending Indian mercenaries to conquer in our name. All these are sources of danger to England, and the more entirely alone we stand in meeting them, the more exhausting the contest is likely to prove to us.

Meanwhile France will not fail to make something out of the expedition. If there were fifty Frenchmen present at the taking of Peking, and fifty thousand Englishmen, the French papers, and the whole pack of French official scribblers would din into the ears of Europe that it was the fifty French to whom the success was due. As a matter of fact, there are found numbers of Frenchmen who gravely state, and perhaps believe, that the French took Canton, and the English merely worked well under their guidance. And all the immediate political advantages that would accrue to the emperor from having once more a military alliance with England would be secured to him whether he sent many or few troops to the scene of action. We shall be as much precluded by courtesy from interfering with the plans of our ally, whether he helps us efficiently or not. On the other hand, it might suit the emperor to send a large force. He may desire to have a pretext for collecting together ships and troops and stores on a large scale, and no one can complain of his doing so. We shall be obliged to send a large armament, and he has as much right as we to make his contingent a formidable one. If the French were going single-handed, as they went last year against Cochin China, we might possibly remonstrate against any great excess of preparations being made. But here we are ourselves obliged to give the emperor an excuse for making his preparations as excessive as he pleases. We do not mean to say that he has a deliberate intention either of exhausting England, or of collecting a force that will ultimately endanger her; but we may at least suppose that he would not be sorry to see a time coming when he could wring from her some damaging concession, or expose her to some side-stroke of humiliation. It would not be unpleasant to his feelings if the issue of the Chinese war enabled him to extort

from us some such tribute to his superiority as our compulsory desertion of Portugal in the autumn of last year.

So thoroughly are these joint expeditions looked on as matters of European policy, that if rumor is to be trusted, Sardinia is petitioning to be allowed to join in the Anglo-French campaign in China. In plain language, the court of Turin offers to send two ships to help to pepper the Chinese in order that the Austrians may be kept out of Central Italy. This seems to us to reduce the theory of joint expeditions to an absurdity. Austria had better send a couple of colliers to the Chinese waters, which would be useful to the English fleet, and might serve to keep alive her revisionary claims to the Duchy of Tuscany. In the Crimean war, Sardinia, although obviously actuated by the desire to enlist the sympathies of England and France in her behalf, had the excuse in joining the allies that she, as a small power, was interested in resisting the unprovoked attack of a great European power on a weak neighbor. But we cannot carry the theory of the balance of power to the remotest east. We cannot allow that France, or Sardinia, or any other European power, has a right to take part in our quarrel with oriental states. Nor have we any right to take part in theirs. The French last year shed blood freely in Cochin China, and might have annexed it without our being called on to interfere. We know by sad experience that oriental wars and oriental possessions are very burdensome. We need not, therefore, feel any fear lest other nations should injure us by military successes in the east; and we should not permit them to express a jealousy lest we should injure them by our successes. The French were associated in our Chinese war of 1857 really because it suited the emperor to show his great intimacy with England, and because it was the policy of the English ministry for the time being to court the emperor in every possible way. But nominally their intervention was commonly, if not officially, justified, on the grounds that they could not allow us to make further progress in the east without themselves sharing in our advance, and that the interests of civilization and religion required that England and France should unite their strength. We cannot admit either of these pleas. The fact that France had no quarrel whatever with China, except one of those unfortunate missionary grievances which are always raked up when nothing better is to be had, is conclusive against the supposition that her armed intervention is likely to confer on the Chinese mental or spiritual benefits; and no principle can be more settled—though England has certainly no inter-

est in asserting it in the present instance—than that every civilized power is at liberty to extend its dominions in regions beyond the pale of international law, so that this extension does not directly limit or endanger the foreign possessions of another civilized power. It was in every way a mistake, two years and a half ago, to permit France to join us in our expedition against China. Now there is no option. We cannot refuse to go on as we have begun. On two occasions English and French have fought side by side in China, and we cannot, in the first moment of disaster, sever the alliance. But we may wake to a perception of the serious political dangers which these joint expeditions involve, and we may resolve to be more cautious for the future.

From The Spectator, 8 Oct.

ENGLAND AND EGYPT.

OUR eastern highway overland is and must be Egypt, which nature has placed as a break-water between the seas that wash Europe and Asia. British interests and policy would seem to indicate, therefore, a just regard for the feelings and rights of the ruler of that country, whose title is hereditary, and guaranteed by the great powers to his line, under the eastern scale of succession; and whose *acts* have spoken loudly of his friendship for Great Britain and civilization.

"This ignorant prince who rules at Cairo," as he is designated lately by one of our contemporaries, has shown by his works the faith that is in him. The Egypt of to-day contrasts with what it was when his father, Mehemet Ali, made good his hereditary position. To those days we will not recur; we expressed our opinion on the events as they occurred, but the interest in the events themselves has passed with the change that has come over Egypt. We cannot overlook the fact, however, that the actual position of the pacha is grossly misconceived in England; he has been exposed to accusations as vague as they are futile; and even threats have been hurled at the head of a ruler who deserves well of all civilization and special gratitude at the hands of England. Mohammed Said Pacha has reigned but five years, yet the improvements which have been introduced into the country during that brief period, and the rapid growth of Alexandria, surpass belief.

His first act was to free commerce from the shackles imposed upon it by his predecessor, Abbas; and the abolition of all monopolies speedily followed. His next act was to liberate all the "suspects" and political exiles, several hundreds in number, who had survived their banishment, from the penal settlement, or Egyptian "Cayenne" in the interior. His

next reform was to adjust, and as far as possible, to simplify legal proceedings between his own people and foreigners under the jurisdiction of their consuls. The result has been that sure and speedy justice is attainable, at Alexandria or Cairo, for a Christian. Ask our ambassador or our consuls in Turkey if it is yet so there? The echo will not be in the affirmative. The regulation of the Egyptian police, also, has been so well ordered that now, as in the time of Mehemet Ali, life and property are more secure than in the great capitals of Europe. Thousands of voyagers each year make the Nile trip, or traverse the country, and neither robbery nor outrage, nor insult of any kind, is ever heard of; *all these are to be apprehended when the traveller crosses the line of desert which divides the sultan's from the viceroy's domain.* Throughout the whole of Palestine the traveller must pay a sheik of Arabs for safe conduct; but no Arab Rob Roy dares levy "black mail" beneath Saïd Pacha's shadow: for his name is sufficient terror to those wild sons of Ishmael to cause them to respect his territory. Not only is the free exercise of religious *faith* allowed in Egypt, the mosque, the church, and the synagogue being seen side by side, but the viceroy has made donations of land and money for the Christian churches; and he freely allows the residence of missionaries and monks, who are as fully protected from insult and annoyance as the laymen of the same denominations.

Such are the titles which Saïd Pacha, viceroy of Egypt, offers as claims to the respect of Christendom in his relations with the foreigner and Christian, within his own dominions. In the interest of England he has encouraged and completed that line of railway from Alexandria to Suez which is now the highway to India, China, and Australia,—the three giant estates of Britain. He has done this, not with English capital or subsidies in the shape of loans never to be redeemed, or half squandered in building palaces, but with his own resources, and to the pecuniary benefit of English engineers, contractors, and navvies, who have been enriched by his liberality in contracts, and by his gifts. Two of the English employés of the viceroy have recently received baksheehes, or gifts, of £10,000 each, at his munificent hands, over and above what was actually due to them. There is scarcely an English merchant or tradesman in Egypt,—if there be one,—who has not received largess from the ruler in the shape of profitable commissions. Many have made fortunes and retired, and many are daily doing so still. Yet in return for this fostering kindness and good-will, a chorus of abuse comes from a portion of the English press which should be better informed, if it is

not—and which seems to feel bound, under some misconception as to the interest of Turkey, to malign its sole vigorous offshoot, the most useful friend of England. Surely this is mistaken policy. We have not scrupled to sustain the claims of Turkey; but no just cause can depend upon the denial of justice or the ignoring of accomplished facts; and if the title of Turkey is to be eked out by holding back the progress of Egypt, the dynasty of the caliphs is doomed.

If Frenchmen do get a lion's share of the "fat jobs" in Egypt, the preference arises partly from their emperor's adroitness personally, and partly from the fact that their government and press are both more politic, more polite, and, we may add, more just, in their treatment of Egypt and its ruler. And so also in a greater degree have been always our politic cousins of America, who give their political agent in Egypt a *carte blanche*, and full powers to treat with the viceroy as the hereditary prince, which he is *de facto* and *de jure*.

Every Turkish pachalic is dependent on Constantinople with regard to all questions of internal policy, Egypt alone being exempted from that dependence by the firmans of 1840-'41. After Saïd Pacha has paid his sixty thousand purses of tribute, and furnished his contingent of soldiers to the sublime porte,—except that he may not make a foreign treaty,—he is independent of its jurisdiction. Great Britain stands, then, in her own light, when she lends color to the French imputation, that she seeks to rivet again on young Egypt the rusty fetters of old Turkey which Mehemet Ali snapped in twain, and his children would rather die than see reunited. Nor, in any just view of European bondage, does the question of restoring Egypt's bondage find place.

With regard to that bugbear the Suez Canal, the facts are very simple. In the general interests of commerce, as he supposed, the viceroy conceded to an universal company of all nations, the privilege of cutting the canal as a common highway, subject to the approval of all such states, signified through the consent of the porte, notoriously the creature of the said states. To that condition precedent Saïd Pacha ever has adhered, and still adheres; as his recent action in forbidding the works thereon, abundantly proves. The question is now a bone of contention between the great powers at Constantinople; but his skirts are clear of it; and it is unwise, as well as ungenerous, to construe his action in that matter as prompted by enmity either towards England, who would benefit by attaining a shorter route to India, or towards Constantinople, which cares nothing about the canal.

We merely point to the actual condition and prospects of Egypt—with her increasing commerce, her growing cities—thirty thousand Europeans in Alexandria and five thousand in Cairo—her long lines of railways diverging from the main branch into the Delta, along each of which run the telegraphic wires, her steam-mills, water-works, etc.—all signs of visible progress. And we leave the British public to judge whether these are the signs that will tell us whether an "ignorant" or an enlightened "prince now reigns at Cairo."

From The Press, 15 Oct.

GARIBALDI'S MISSION.

THIS vigorous and brave soldier daily looms into greater bulk and importance in the condition and prospects of Central Italy. He has fought his way to pre-eminence and power by his sword, and every step he has gained he has hitherto held with wisdom, prudence, and forbearance.

While France and Austria were engaged on the sanguinary fields of Magenta and Solferino, he was hanging on the Austrian's flanks with a mere handful of intrepid volunteers, whose numbers increased with his success. In almost every skirmish he was successful, and in all he displayed some of the best features of a soldier. His name sent terror into the Austrian ranks, while it either kindled or fanned the enthusiasm of his countrymen. On the retreat of the Austrian to his quadrilateral fastnesses, and the withdrawal of the victorious French from all active hostilities, Central Italy either sent for or attracted Garibaldi to its standards. He has at present taken up his residence, or rather headquarters at Bologna, where ovations seem to be received by him as normal and agreeable compliments.

The most prominent, and perhaps guiding, element in his policy or future action is now declared. He has repeatedly asserted that he will not lay down his sword till he has crushed clerical despotism, and emancipated his country in every province from the sacerdotal domination of the court of Rome. He has taken up this as his mission, and he seems neither reserved in enunciating it, nor slow in seeking to achieve and fulfil it. It is this, the position of Garibaldi, and his growing popularity in the Romagna, that has alarmed the priests and other puppets of the Vatican in Italy, France, and Ireland, and called forth those fiery episcopal missives which are meant to rouse the passions of the "faithful," and to originate a crusade for the defence, not of the dogmas, but of the "meat and drink," of the Holy Father. The Bishop of Orleans seems to have assumed the office and the duties of another "Walter the Penitence" or Peter the Hermit." He stands up

as the representative of "two hundred millions of Roman Catholics throughout the world, against all who attempt to infringe the rights of the papacy." His words are echoed by all the priesthood of France, and must strike unpleasantly against the imperial throne. But all these fulminations have no effect on the three hundred and eighty thousand inhabitants of the Romagna. Their hatred to the government of the court of Rome is insuperable. Their sense of its injustice, and their remembrance of its cruelties and crimes, is indelible. High and low—palace and hut—seem inspired by so intense a feeling of opposition to priestly government that there is no doubt they will choose death rather than submission to it. Garibaldi is the exponent rather than creator of this feeling, and we may depend on it these descendants of the Guelphs of the Lombard league will struggle hard and suffer much before they again submit to the temporal government of the pope. There is no opposition to the pope as their spiritual ruler and instructor. It is his temporal government, which has become intolerable, that they have thrown off, and are unanimously resolved to resist at all hazards. The Romagnese are sincere, and many of them devout, Roman Catholics. An instance of this feature, and no less an illustration of the insane fury of the priests, recently occurred:—

"Cardinal Viale Praela, the archbishop of Bologna, has thrown down his gauntlet to the new rulers of the Palazzo Publico, and tries every means to exasperate them, so that he may be looked upon as a martyr by the faithful throughout Europe. After the election of the national assembly it was decided by the government that a mass should be performed in San Petrono, and that the "Veni Creator" should be sung. By this pious act the newly elected deputies desired to show to the court of Rome that, whilst they were called upon to vote the separation of these provinces from the temporal dominion of the holy see, they still felt the highest reverence for the Roman Catholic religion and its supreme hierarch. One of the ministers waited, therefore, upon Monsignore Viale Praela with the object of acquainting his eminence with the desire of the deputies. After having waited more than half an hour in the antechamber, he was informed that the archbishop could not receive him, nor could he allow any priest to officiate on such an occasion. In fact, no canon or rector could be found who was disposed to incur his eminence's wrath by thus officiating, and the government was obliged to have recourse to an humble chaplain of the town fire-brigade, who, no doubt, thinking more of his pension from the town

council than of the archbishop's thunderbolts, consented to officiate on such a critical occasion. On returning home the poor chaplain found on his desk a decree of interdiction, and he is now suspended *a divinis*, or in other words he cannot legally perform his sacred ministry any more. Both the government and the assembly decided to endure this act of open rebellion with patience, and they have continued to be patient in spite of numberless provocations of the clergy. This painful occurrence had scarcely been forgotten by the Bolognese when the permission to perform a funeral mass in honor of the Venetian patriot Manin was asked of the worthy Monsignore. All the towns of Piedmont, Lombardy, and the duchies had determined to show this token of veneration for the sacred memory of the dictator of Venice, and Bologna could not be the last to join them. In spite, however, of all remonstrances the cardinal obstinately refused to grant this permission, saying, in answer to the government, that he did not know where Manin had died, or to what persuasion he belonged. The funeral ceremony could not, therefore, be performed; for even the poor chaplain had no authority to enter the church. This fact shows plainly enough that the priests are resolved to meddle in the actual state of public affairs; and I should not wonder if some day or other some foolish attempt to disturb the public peace of these provinces should be made by them."

Were the papal authorities able to specify one solitary province, or village, or town, on which the crozier had shed blessings, or one people in states of the church who, if polled, would declare by the merest majority that the temporal jurisdiction of the papacy has blessed or benefited, or even not crushed them, we would urge Garibaldi and Bologna to pause. But is it not the history and experience of all the subjects of the pope that when they have asked justice they have received a relic? when they have implored equal laws impartially administered they have received a benediction, or an "Agnus Dei"? when, weary of priestly immorality and pontifical exactions, they have implored a constitution, they have received in return anathemas, and threats of refusal of baptisms, burials, and absolution? Pick out any town in the pope's dominions, and we engage to prove it is the site of dirt and deg-

radation, as if the pope had not only lost the power of reforming the church, but even strength to sweep the streets. Forli, the city of Francesca, is described by the *Times* correspondent "as the foulest nest in the pope's dominions;" "a *cloaca maxima*;" "the people one-third beggars; squalor and filth at every step;" as having "the savageness and nastiness of mediæval barbarism."

Is it to be wondered at that here and at Rimini we may read on every wall "*Viva Garibaldi*?" The obstinacy of the pope, the cruel hatred of the prelates, their common aversion to all moderate reform—as if to sweep away a cobweb were to endanger the papacy—and the fierce invectives against all that do not believe in the infallibility of papal misrule, are the elements of Garibaldi's strength and the sources of the increasing numbers of those who daily crowd round his standards.

That the whole evil is in the rulers, and not in the people, is plain from the observations of the *Times* correspondent of Monday last. He states:—

"Since the priests are gone, one wonders what has become of the knives. The introduction, or merely the hope, of fair equitable law has brought on a millennium in Romagna. You never hear a cross word in the streets of what were once bloody Forli and Faenza. You travel by night in perfect safety over roads where only three months ago you were robbed in broad daylight. The police agents have a sinecure, and even the beggars, though their name is legion, are greatly reduced in numbers. Let only the priests be removed, and the Romagnese will know how to turn God's gifts to the noblest and worthiest purpose."

We have little sympathy with democracy—none with the mob and mob law. But here we have national life struggling against total extinction—a people who have long and patiently endured insisting on a constitution, and, what is due to the meanest, on justice, law, and order.

We candidly confess we desire to hear that Garibaldi's mission has been crowned with success, and a people, long patient under a load of oppression, reinstated in rights so justly owing to duties so well and wisely discharged.

From The Saturday Review, 8 Oct.

THE WAR FEELING IN FRANCE.

ON this side of the Channel we are all so heartily anxious to keep out of war, and are so utterly without any intention of quarrelling with France if we can possibly avoid it, that we can scarcely believe that, at this very moment, Frenchmen of all ranks and callings speak of an expedition against England as a thing as certain to come soon as the winter to follow the autumn. The most cool and wary do no more than urge that sufficient preparation can scarcely be made under eighteen months. All agree that war will be declared directly the government is ready, and that the government is getting ready as fast as possible. We can appeal to the experience of any Englishman who has passed through France or stayed in Paris during the last few weeks, and who is sufficiently acquainted with the people and their language to understand what is passing. An attack on England is the regular theme of conversation in all public conveyances and public places. The army naturally takes the lead, but it is singular how many classes of persons echo the opinions and wishes of the army. The clergy are almost to a man in favor of an attack on the foster-mother of heresy, and the *Univers* speaks of an expedition to pillage the bank of England in much the same language as a hermit of the middle ages might have used when exhorting Christendom to enter on a crusade for the recovery of the holy sepulchre. The legitimist party, which still commands a certain amount of provincial influence, raves against England, and urges an attack on her with a bitterness proportioned to the benefits which its chief received from her during so many years. Even the monied classes begin to say that any thing would be better than the state of utter stagnation to which they are now condemned by the suspense in which they are kept. Persons, also, who are acquainted with the working classes of Paris and the large towns, assert that there is now running through them one of those strange upheavings of vague, uneasy emotion which from time to time stir their depths, and that this uneasiness takes the shape of a senseless animosity against England. In the navy, there is, of course, a wish to see whether the Channel has really been bridged over by steam; and along the coast fronting the English shores the population is occupied with no other thought than that of estimating its perils in case of war, and longing for an expedition which, it is hoped, may cripple England for years. There remain no friends to England except those who think this proposed outbreak of unprovoked hate either wicked or likely to be prejudicial to the future liberties of France.

Such men are very few, indeed; and it is not too much to say generally that the French nation is determined on attacking England.

This state of feeling wears a very different degree of importance according as we suppose it to be or not to be the work of the government. If it is merely the spontaneous expression of popular hopes and prejudices, there is some chance that it may soon die away. Something may occur to divert the attention of the French people to another object, or they may possibly come round to the notion that reckless war is a great crime, and one not unlikely to recoil on the heads of its perpetrators. But it is not by any means clear that the present manifestation of hatred against England is perfectly spontaneous. The centralized system of France offers many means of fostering, if not creating, a popular sentiment of this kind; and if the French government did wish to stir up ill-feeling, it could do so very easily. As a matter of fact, no means are taken by the government to check the feeling that does exist; and officials of a very high position, and specially noted for endeavoring to say only what is pleasing to their master, have lately taken public opportunities of delivering addresses against England. But whether the emperor means to try so great and dangerous a game as a war with England is exceedingly uncertain. We believe him to have a warm feeling of friendship towards many Englishmen, and many kindly recollections of this country. It would also be very hazardous to begin an experiment of which the issue would be so very uncertain. If England has justice done her by those who have her honor in charge, and is prepared to defend herself during the first six months, she would simply have to protract the war until the French were brought to terms. They cannot stand a long war, and we can, as was abundantly shown in the history of the Crimean campaign. The emperor would, therefore, have to rely entirely on the success of an invasion made immediately after the declaration of war, and, although the risk of an invasion is very serious for us, it is also serious for the French. But it is possible that the emperor encourages the feeling in France against England, and hopes to control it and profit by it indirectly, without having any fixed intention of making war within a definite period. The unanimity of popular feeling, in a direction in which he alone can give effect to what is desired, evidently invests him with great power for the time. Among other things, he gains the immense advantage of directing the tide of national opinion against his political opponents in France. It is an easy triumph over the lovers of freedom if he can get them branded as the slaves and agents of hatred

England. He may even look forward to the remote future and calculate that, if adversity comes, nothing can be more serviceable to his family than that the dynasty of Napoleon should be regarded as the hereditary representative of French animosity towards the country that overcame the first emperor. But even if Louis Napoleon has no real intention of attacking us, there is some danger that he may find himself forced to do so. He has now an army of half a million men, flushed with victory, and looking to an expedition against England as a pleasure solemnly promised to them. This army finds itself in presence of a civil population that urges it to go and fight with the very enemy against whom it claims, as a sort of right, to be led. No one can say but that this may end in the army and the people getting their way, and keeping the avenger of Waterloo in his word.

If we like to bury our heads in the sand, we shall undoubtedly avoid seeing any thing that is unpleasant, and we may easily persuade ourselves that every thing is safe. But, if we look at patent facts and the most obvious signs of the times, we cannot conceal from ourselves that the state of feeling in France is a source of very considerable danger to us. In kindness not only to ourselves, but to our neighbors on the other side of the water, we must strain every nerve to make this project of invading England as dangerous as it is wicked and barbarous. We cannot be too quick or active in building ships and manning them, and in buying rifles and learning how to use them. But although we ought chiefly to rely on our defensive preparations for averting a war, we need not do so exclusively. We have the great weapon of publicity, and there is no weapon that despotism so much dreads. France cannot go to war with England unless she has some sort of pretext, and in order to pick a quarrel she must state her case before Europe. We have the great advantage that we shall be able to tell every thing, and that, as the world knows we seldom conceal any thing that is to our discredit, we may expect to be heard patiently when we appeal on the merits of our cause to the public opinion of civilized countries. If we are careful to avoid giving any cause for war that can be considered plausible, we shall be able to throw on France the odium of wanton aggression; and the world has got on far enough to make a confessedly bad cause a serious drawback to a combatant. We may also do something in our private relations with the French people to ward off the frightful calamity of a war. Englishmen who have relations of business or friendship with Frenchmen can take every opportunity of proclaiming that there is no feeling whatever in England against the

French nation. In their present state of irritation it makes every difference whether the French are individually treated with calmness and kindness, or whether we throw oil on the flame and insist on a bright blaze bursting out. If we were not at the same time exerting ourselves night and day to complete our arrangements for defence, we might feel ashamed of adopting a conciliatory tone. But, if we can rely on the queen's government doing its duty, and are well prepared to back it in every measure that may be necessary to ensure the safety of the country, we need not hesitate to cultivate by every honest means a renewal of friendly relations with France and Frenchmen.

From The Economist.

CHASTISEMENT FOR CHINA?

THE tone of the English press, in speaking of offending weaker nations, especially Oriental nations, is too often insufferably insolent. There is now a very great practical question before the English government with regard to the policy to be pursued in China, and the temper in which the leading organs of the press treat it, is unworthy of a strong and just nation. There is all the vulgarity of democratic passion in the assumption which our leading journals are not ashamed to make, that a military check once sustained by England ought to be wiped out summarily in blood without any kind of reference to the moral and political coloring of the case. Instead of considering with calmness what is the true light in which to regard the check of the Peiho,—what line of conduct it would be really just for the English and French plenipotentiaries to adopt so soon as they have an adequate force at their back to insure respect,—the leading organs of the English press simply give vent to a mortified and savage rage against China and load all who would urge the duty of self-control and who deprecate mere passion, with expressions of scorn and disgust. "Short, sharp, and decisive chastisement," is their cry. This kind of writing may be popular, but it is certainly very unprofitable and unworthy of a self-controlled nation. We do not want rousing into irrational resentments. There is quite enough of that amongst us. We do want to see clearly the policy which is at once just to our own countrymen in China and to the Chinese government itself, and yet within our power to carry out effectively. Is it either just or wise to send out a force with unconditional instructions to occupy Peking on the ground urged by the *Times*, that "the great fact at the mouth of the Peiho must be matched by an equally famous fact at Peking, for your Chinaman believes in deeds, but not at all in

words?" It is meant, we suppose, that nothing short of a new war,—for a new war there must be before the "famous" act can be done at Peking,—can teach China to keep faith with Englishmen, and that a new war ending in such a demonstration as the armed occupation of Peking *would* effect this.

Now, first, have we any *right* to declare war at once on the ground of the successful opposition offered to our expedition at the Peiho? There are two suppositions under which this question is discussed; one, that the Chinese government authorized the resistance at the forts; and the other, that it did not. On the former supposition Mr. Bruce certainly does not justify his own act, nor could any one justify it for him. The Chinese government has never taken the responsibility of the resistance offered; and had it done so, the aggression on our part would have been unpardonable, at all events until it had been adequately proved that the engagements entered into last year were not to be recognized by the Chinese government at all. For we must remember that that government had an absolute right to prevent the indignity of an armed expedition up the Peiho, and to assign any other route for an ambassador. But it is on the opposite supposition,—that the Chinese government did *not* assume the responsibility of the resistance made to our advance,—that Mr. Bruce based his justification of the attack. And if we make use of this hypothesis to justify our own violent entry into the Peiho, —otherwise utterly unjustifiable,—how can we abandon it again when we want to seek redress,—and, instead of demanding satisfaction from the Chinese government for the loss and injury inflicted by the garrison of the forts, charge it directly on that government and wreak our vengeance by an attack on Peking? The truth is, that the English anti-China party do not defend Mr. Bruce's line on his own grounds. On the contrary, they unhesitatingly charge the Chinese government with the official responsibility of the forts defended at the Peiho, and yet maintain that Mr. Bruce was quite justified in the attempt to knock them down,—that, in fact, any attempt to resist the ingress of the English fleet on the part of the Chinese was in itself an act demanding condign chastisement. But all who hold that any international obligation at all obtains towards China, will see at once that this is the mere reasoning of passion. Mr. Bruce regarded the attempt to cross the Peiho as an act which did not in any way open hostilities between the two governments; —as a mere clearing away of obstacles interposed in his path by an unauthorized local militia to which no deference was due. Had they been imperial troops barring by imperial authority this great avenue to Peking, it is

clear that he would not have ventured on the same course. He would have felt it his duty to exhaust the peaceful solutions of the negotiation intrusted to him, before having recourse to an act of war.

But, it will be said, this is a mere formal and technical mode of looking at things,—that, however independent the garrisons of the forts professed to be, they were really the tools of a hostile party then in power at Peking;—and that to reason on mere Chinese pretences, as if they corresponded to the actual facts, is contemptible. Be it so. But if we are to go behind the mere outside forms of the negotiation to the real political motives at work, we must do so fairly and fully, and not with the mere view of criminating the Chinese. It is no doubt true that the resistance we met with was authorized, though not confessedly authorized, by the Chinese government in their anxiety to prevent the repetition of such a blow to their prestige as was dealt by Lord Elgin's successful incursion of last year. But in assuming this as morally all but certain, we do not assume that the government had resolved to make light of the treaty. They had a perfect right to prevent the triumphal procession of the envoy in a ship of war up the Peiho, which they thought likely to prove a death-blow to the influence of the emperor over his subjects. And though they did this in eastern fashion,—not by many remonstrances, but by passive resistance, and an effort to *divert* the envoy to another route, rather than to forbid him this route,—we might as well quarrel with them for being Chinese, as for the indirectness of their political methods. Look at it as we will, if we look at all the facts truly, there is not a shadow of just defence for an unconditional declaration of war against the imperial government. The matter stands very much thus. The Chinese had been forced by Lord Elgin, under the pressure of physical terror, to grant us privileges which, as they could only be exercised by fits and starts in the face of a permanently reluctant government, we were probably very foolish to ask, and which we knew that they thought it a kind of moral suicide in the imperial government to grant. We were determined to assume those privileges in the most ostentatious way, and therefore, in the way most painful to the Chinese government. After exhausting a few simple artifices to divert us from our purpose, they were satisfied to aim only at precluding all show of triumphant or superior force on our part in the functions we were going to assume; and for this purpose they barred the only way accessible to ships of war. This was at least within the letter of the treaty,—and instead of making this barrier a treacherous trap for our soldiers, as has been asserted,

they certainly tried to persuade us not to attempt it, but to take another route. This we declined, and were worsted in the attempt to force the barrier. There was evasive and underhand dealing on their side, but certainly no proper treachery. There was provocation on our part in the very mode in which these privileges were extorted from the protesting and affrighted Chinese; and there was more provocation in the ostentatious manner in which we were determined to enforce them.

The true course for England is that suggested alike by the outward forms and the real justice of the case,—to treat the repulse as one not prepared by the Chinese government, and yet to demand explanations and satisfactory proof that the Chinese government do not wish to extenuate it; beyond this, to insist on the ratification of the treaty in due form, and the fulfilment of its provisions for so long as may be necessary to teach the Chinese the importance of keeping strict faith,—and then to let all provisions which,—like the residency at Peking,—cannot be permanently rendered effective without a permanent army to back it, drop gradually into oblivion. Such a moderate course will vindicate the firmness of English rule, without exciting hatred against us for arbitrary and vindictive conduct.

If, however, we follow the more ferocious counsels which insist upon "sharp and decisive chastisement at once," that is, on war and an armed occupation of Peking, shall we either act justly or effect the main purposes of our commercial treaty? This policy will be unjust in form, because the government of Peking disavows the act of the Taku garrison; it will be unjust in reality, because they certainly did try to divert us from the attack on the forts, instead of to draw us treacherously into it; while their worst fault in the matter has been the want of the straightforward courage to say,—“You shall not go up to the capital in vessels of war; it will undermine our authority with the people, and we will resist it; but we will send you another way.” And it will be bad policy, because our success would probably so far humiliate and degrade the Chinese government as to weaken its already too weak central power, and wholly dismember an empire which we shall have far more difficulty in dealing with as a congeries of local governments than as a single nation. A well-informed authority has observed that the central government has usually been far more open to reason than the local mandarins, and that Lord Elgin's treaty, if carried out *forcibly*, would destroy what little authority the emperor still has among his own people,—and therefore, also, all the advantage to be derived from the resident embassy at Peking, which is only one mode of acting on

the local governments through the central government. If carried out *peaceably*, on the other hand, it would be invaluable to England, although time may be required to gain full effect for many of its (to the Chinese) startling commercial provisions. At the risk, therefore, of being classed among the “crotchet-mongers,” we protest against the assumption that the first aim of our expedition should be revenge. We ought to show ourselves stronger in justice and self-control, as well as in physical force, than the Chinese. The cry of mere passion is unworthy of us.

From The Economist, 22 Oct.

THE TREATY OF ZURICH: THE DUTY OF NEUTRAL POWERS.

It is very superfluous to affect, with regard to the treaty of Zurich, the very justifiable alarms with which all who had any sympathy with Italian freedom regarded the convention of Villafranca. Then, it was naturally thought that the dukes of Tuscany and Modena were to be restored by force to their duchies, and the pope to the Romagna;—now, we know that when “the rights of the dukes are reserved,” it is a mere nominal reserve, not a reserve which there is any intention of calling out into the actual political warfare between the great powers. Indeed if the language of the treaty of Zurich be correctly reported, the words used are very much less threatening than those of the preliminary convention. Then the dukes were “to return” to their duchies;—now only their *right* to return is reserved, if by any means, without assistance from the great powers, they can “mobilize” that right into any practical privilege. And so, too, the confederation of Italian states, in the formation of which the high contracting parties “pledge themselves to assist with all their power,” is simply, we take it, the mere formal echo of the great conception which was ushered into the world at Villafranca, but which has since found so little favor from those who are to form the confederation. This article is, we trust, the last tribute of respect to the phantom of the French emperor's brain,—the appropriate entombment in a paper-treaty of an impossible design. The high contracting powers may surely be allowed to assist in putting together a federation which will unite no one, except those who are already united by common interests. It will need no federation to unite Venetia and the pope; and no federation that can be conceived will unite Piedmont, or Central Italy under its present government, with either Venetia or the pope. The scheme which we thought so alarming when the use of force was dreaded, now flits before the imagination with the pleasing unreality of a departed danger. The compelled confederation of political opposites

would be most mischievous; but fortunately they decline to be confederates.

But there is a clause in the treaty of Zurich which does more than echo a regretful wish that the impracticable ideas of the preliminary convention could be carried out. "The territorial limits of the independent states of Italy which did not take part in the last war could be changed only with the consent of the other powers of Europe which took part in forming, and guaranteed the existence of, those states." This is purposely very vague, but it points, we suppose, to a congress as the only means of sanctioning any territorial changes in Italy beyond those caused by the cession of Lombardy to Piedmont. What is the duty of England with regard to such a congress, and of all the great neutral powers? Or have we only the negative duty of standing aloof,—the negative right of washing our hands of every evil that may come of it?

We hold that all the neutral powers of Europe have a positive and most imperative duty in the matter. If ever the principle of non-intervention as between rulers and peoples, is to be established in Europe, and, with it, the corresponding principle that the by-standing powers *will* intervene to prevent the intervention of any one of their number, now is the great opportunity. Never before was there a case so clear presented to the mind of Europe,—never before was it so easy to put aside all extraneous circumstances, and to distinguish the will of the people calmly expressed, in conflict with the will of their former or present rulers. No aid ought to be given to the Italians in this conflict; if the pope can re-subjugate the Romagna by the aid of his own troops and his adherents in that province, let him do so. A state that cannot maintain itself against its own Italian ruler ought not to receive any help in rejecting him. If the dukes of Modena and Tuscany and the duchess of Parma, unassisted by Austria, can succeed in exciting a counter-revolution and in winning back their peoples, let them do so. England may lament, but ought not to interfere in the matter any more than France or Austria. But let it be proclaimed, once for all, that Europe will not permit foreign powers to interfere in such conflicts as these; let it be affirmed at a crisis when for the first time the principle of non-intervention forces itself in the distinctest way upon the notice of the whole of Europe, that the greater states will interfere only to prevent each other's interference in the political struggles of the smaller states,—but that for that purpose they will not hesitate to interfere. France, if we may trust repeated asseverations of the emperor, is determined to recognize this principle in Italy. England, Russia, and Prussia ought to do so also, and to guarantee, not the pres-

ent combinations in Italy, but the non-intervention of any external force to break up those combinations.

We see it said in influential quarters, that "all we can do, apart from our influence on the public opinion of the world, is to avoid any act which can give the sanction of England to any interference with Italy in her attempts to work out her own freedom." This is *not* all we can do; it is not all we ought to do. This is the selfish doctrine of "keep yourself to yourself," against which England made a solemn national protest in the Russian war. We can do more, and we may do more, even without the smallest hazard of war,—with the certainty, indeed, of preventing the worst form of war. If once the nation solemnly utters its will that the principle of non-intervention as between European peoples and their rulers shall be maintained by our government and sanctioned if it were needful by a positive engagement,—not only will the danger of Austrian interference in Italy be practically over, but a principle which is at the very root of European unity and concord will be practically affirmed. The wars and dissensions which have taken their rise between nation and nation are, no doubt, many and miserable; but they are neither so disastrous nor so lasting as those which have sprung from foreign interference between different parties in the same nation. Almost all the hereditary hatred which exists between England and France, for example, may be traced to this cause. In the days of the Stuarts and of Louis XIV. the traditional policy of interference was initiated, and gave birth to an intense exasperation, which was fostered by the French interference with our American rebellion in the next century, and repaid by that unjustifiable military interference on our part in the policy of the great revolution which produced the wars with Napoleon. No class of wars has ever left so rankling a principle of hatred as these. The interference of Russia between Austria and Hungary not only effectually alienated Russia from Austria, whom she intended to benefit, but rendered an absolute severance between Hungary and Austria, if ever the opportunity for revolt again occurs, far less likely to be avoided than it would otherwise have been. And so, too, in Italy. Austria has been mischievous and oppressive enough in Lombardy and Venetia, but she has probably never earned for herself directly, half the hatred, which she has earned indirectly by propping up the iniquitous governments of the pope and Naples,—and checking all the best hopes of the duchies.

It is a mischievous thing to talk as if England could stand wholly aloof in the present crisis with unstained honor. In the recent

Italian war it was very different. The issues were not clear. The intentions of the emperor of the French were not known. The wishes of the Italian people themselves were only half known. Their fitness for freedom was not tested, and their capacity for it was gravely doubted. To have joined in that war would have been a reckless and unjustifiable implication of our country in a net of confused international relations. But now there is a great and tangible aim easily within our reach. Europe is already prepared for the great principle we have contended for. France has virtually acknowledged it in Italy. England has long professed to act upon it in her own foreign policy, and has now the chance of elevating it into an international principle. She cannot stand aloof, and leave it bereft of the aid of her powerful influence, without a dereliction of duty,—without a real national sin. She can isolate herself if she please. But never before was there a more solemn obligation placed upon her not to isolate herself, but to contend with all her strength for a principle which will do more to tranquilize Europe and sustain the self-confidence of trembling nations, than any of those triumphs of scientific discovery of which this age of "progress" so quaintly and blindly boasts.

From The Saturday Review, 8 Oct.

M. KOSSUTH ON THE PEACE OF VILLAFRANCA.

A LETTER of M. Kossuth, which has recently been published, may, perhaps, after due allowance for the exaggerations natural to an exile, throw some light on the treaty of Villafranca. It seemed difficult to understand how it could at the same moment be for the interest of both belligerents to patch up a peace while all the causes of the war still retained their original force. The emperor of the French has on several occasions announced, with unwonted candor, his motives for abandoning a contest which, for the same reasons, he ought never to have commenced. He had expended thousands of men and millions of pounds sterling in a quarrel of his own seeking; and after a bloody victory, he was still on the outside of the great Venetian fortresses, which held a garrison larger than the besieging army. He has further declared that it was impossible to carry on the war without seeking the aid of revolution, and he has admitted that the menacing attitude of Germany, and the displeasure of Europe, furnished additional reasons for his sudden eagerness for peace. The emperor of Austria on the other hand, might reasonably believe that he had seen the worst of the campaign. He had disasters to retrieve, a

discontented army to reassure, and an unprovoked attack to punish, if possible. The ostensible complaint of the backwardness of his German allies was inconsistent with the language of his opponent. He was near his resources, and covered by his famous strongholds; and, above all, he was called upon, as the condition of peace, to acknowledge his defeat by the surrender of a cherished province. If there is any foundation for Kossuth's statements, the danger was in the heart of his own dominions; and possibly there may have been fears of mutiny in some Hungarian regiments, although they had borne their full share in the exertions and sufferings of the war.

It is not necessary to believe that all classes in Hungary were unanimous in the resolution "to get rid of the bandit rule of the house of Austria as soon as the war should take its logical expansion." Strong words, even in the mouths of gifted orators, generally indicate an absence of the repose which proceeds from conscious strength. Whatever may be the meaning of such a term as "the logical expansion of a war," it is difficult to believe in the hypothetical enthusiasm and conditional unanimity of twelve millions of men. Leaders may make up their minds to wait for an opportunity before they strike a decisive blow, but armies and nations can never be said to have arrived at a decision until they are ready to act. The continuance of the war would probably have given rise to an insurrection in Hungary, and neither the emperor of Austria nor the ex-dictator of the republic knew the proportions which the revolt might assume. It is simply impossible that an exile should have the means of ascertaining through secret agents that "all the feelings which sometimes bring division into a national household—difference of religion, language, race, distinction of classes—had melted into one common resolution." If half the statement had been true, it was unnecessary to wait for any logical, rhetorical, or material expansion of the war. The flower and strength of the Austrian army was fully occupied on the Mincio, and a general insurrection in Hungary might have propagated itself without any danger of external repression. Even at the present moment, Austria would probably be unable to resist a general rising of the population of Hungary. Five months ago, the enemies of Austrian rule could only have been restrained by a well-founded doubt as to the disposition of the nation. The uncertainty which encouraged Kossuth may reasonably have alarmed Francis Joseph, although, in this instance, fear may perhaps have been less imaginative than hope. The four thousand Hungarians who had been collected from the ranks of the exiles, or enlisted among the

prisoners of war, must have excited considerable disquiet as the possible nucleus of a national army. The assertion of their leader, that in three weeks more their numbers would have swelled to twenty-five thousand, is probably made in good faith, but it can only be accepted as a conjecture.

As there was undoubtedly some foundation for the expectation of a movement in Hungary, the question again recurs why the emperor of the French drew back at the moment when he had the prospect of inflicting a fatal blow on his adversary. His conscientious objections to what is called revolution must have been very suddenly awakened at Villafranca, if it is true that he had previously urged on his Hungarian confederate an activity which was declined as premature. "I have the satisfaction," says M. Kossuth, "to know that, by not allowing myself to be influenced by promises, that by insisting on the guarantee of irrevocable facts preliminary to my giving the signal for rising, I have preserved my country from great misfortunes for aims which were not our own." On these points M. Kossuth is speaking of transactions within his own personal knowledge, and his accuracy is confirmed by the undoubted fact that he was allowed to enlist troops among the Hungarian prisoners within the limits of France. The promises which were intended to induce him to precipitate an insurrection must have been given by the emperor of the French, who has since taken credit with Europe for his adhesion to the cause of crowned heads as against discontented subjects. It is possible, indeed, that Kossuth may, from the first, have been a mere dupe and passive instrument; and yet it is difficult to believe that he would have been urged to immediate action if it had been intended at once to abandon his partisans to their fate.

The solution of the puzzle would probably be found in the diplomatic communications between Russia and France. The liberation of Italy may have been contemplated at St. Petersburg with indifference, and the humiliation of Austria with pleasure, but the master of Poland could never have encouraged a general popular rising in Hungary. Although the secret arrangement between Russia and France has never transpired, it is certain that Napoleon III. relied, in certain contingencies, on the active support of his northern ally. The junction of Russia with the other great powers, for the purpose of imposing peace on the belligerents, would have paralyzed the

French aggressor in the midst of his most brilliant successes. It is natural that M. Kossuth, with his declamatory turn of mind, should forget the existence of the power which ten years ago reduced Hungary into subjection to Austria. The emperor of the French was probably better informed, although, as a measure preparatory to peace, he had alarmed Austria by two or three slight demonstrations on the eastern coast of the Adriatic. The disappointment which might be inflicted on the Hungarian exiles and malcontents was one of those grievances which ambitious sovereigns habitually disregard.

Some credit is nevertheless due to Napoleon III. for the stipulations which were made at Villafranca in favor of the Hungarian recruits whom he had involved in the technical guilt of treason and mutiny. M. Kossuth asserts, with whimsical satisfaction, that he had himself insisted on the conditions of amnesty and exemption from Austrian military service; but as it is known that the Hungarian exiles were represented at Villafranca, it is not easy to understand how their leader could be in a position to negotiate for concessions and guarantees. His diplomatic tact is illustrated by his ostentatious doubt whether Austria, "false Austria," will discharge her obligations. It would be difficult to offer a more direct invitation to a breach of faith which would involve the ruin and misery of four thousand Hungarians. The public suggestion that some of the returned soldiers are in correspondence with himself may illustrate the confidence of his countrymen in his patriotism, but it will scarcely tend to the comfort or safety of the letter-writers. After all, it is difficult not to sympathize with the disappointment of the exile who so lately hoped for a triumphant restoration. M. Kossuth celebrated his departure from England by several unwise and offensive speeches, and he even menaced the country which he was then leaving with the contingent displeasure of himself and of his Imperial ally. Englishmen, however, are too familiar with hard words to be frightened, or even seriously offended, by foreign eloquence. Although they disapproved of the wanton ambition of France, they were not disposed to blame those enemies of Austria who prepared to take advantage of a favorable opportunity. It is not even with unmingled pleasure that they see the illusions dispelled in which they had themselves but faintly shared.

TWENTY AND THIRTY.

My heart beat high, for I had heard
That Ellen Vere had come to town;
My heart beat high, yet how absurd!
For nearly twice five years had flown,
Since she and I, as maid and youth,
Exchanged eternal vows of truth
Beneath a hawthorn's shade;
Our witnesses two sleepy cows,
Two rooks, down-looking from the
boughs,
And Ellen's lady's-maid.

We loved, or thought we did—and love,
To us a passion new and strange,
Seem'd like a star in heaven above,
Bright, calm, incapable of change!
Our life was one great round of joy,
A golden age without alloy,
Of jealousy or doubt:
Youth we possessed, and strength and
health,
We'd gain, if Fate so willed it, wealth,
And if not—do without.

Ah we, poor fools! A twelvemonth more
Was whelmed in Time's increasing tide,
And Ellen left her native shore
An Indian merchant's blooming bride.
A man he was in council great
With aspect grave and air sedate,
Brown face, and little mind.
Parting with her few tears I shed;—
I drank his health—and wished him
dead—
And hated all mankind.

A "lapse of years" then intervenes,
And then I see the stage once more;
The characters, the very scenes,
Are grander than they were of yore.
The rooms are filled with nicknacks rare,
Rich Eastern perfumes load the air,
Huge servants bow around.
So oriental is the show
It needs the cab I have below
To prove it British ground.

For Ellen has returned; she greets
Me with a stiff and formal bend,
And once or twice I think repeats
Her joy to see "her father's friend."
She looks at me with languid stare,
She orders "tiffin," asks for air,
And grieves o'er "punkahs" missed.
Can this be that same laughing girl,
With blushing cheek and tangled curl,
I'neath the hawthorn kissed?

The same indeed! And why should I
O'er vanished passion vainly grieve?
Bemoan her greeting chill, or try
Myself unaltered to believe?
Though Ellen's glance be cold and strange
All unaffected by the change,
I chatter, smile, and bow;

For, truth to tell, since Ellen wed
My heart so many times has bled
As to be callous now.

My horse, my club, my opera stall,
A cheerful fire, a pleasant book,
Are now more potent in their thrall
Than winning voice or upturned look.
My waist in waltzing's growing scant,
When scaling hills I oftener want
To view the prospect fine.
Naught care I now for hair or eyes,
But have great taste in Strasbourg pies,
And something know of wine.

My purse is full, my wants are few,
I've gained a certain meed of fame,
I'm sponsor to a Soyer stew;
Poole to a coat has given my name.
Bewitching hours nod and smile
As I ride down the "Lady's Mile,"
Or hang across the rail.
I lounge at White's, am great at Pratt's;
I'm loved by all the tabby cats,
Whose daughters are for sale.

Yet sometimes in my opera stall
A song will ring upon my ear,
A sudden tremor thrill through all
My being, and I find a tear
Dimming my sight—a tribute paid
To former days, when Nell's head laid
And nestled on my breast.
What lays there now? A lump of care,
The cambric-fronted shirt I wear,
And black embroidered vest.

But I would give, ay, I would give,
Were I empowered to bestow,
Half of the years I've yet to live
To feel as I felt long ago!
To feel as fresh in heart and brain,
As free from all earth's earthly pain,
As then beneath the trees
I bound my arm round that young girl,
While all her mass of golden curl
Was tossing in the breeze.

—*Everybody's Journal.* EDMUND YATES.

TRODDEN OUT.

THE fount is not frozen nor dry
Whence that heart drew its tears,
No Summer shall e'er set it free
Through all the barren years.

No Autumn shall e'er lead it forth
From the dumb gasping clay,
To murmur its sweet sorrow out
Along the ancient way.

The fount is not frozen nor dry,
Needs nor sunlight nor rain:
Man's foot hath been set on its source,
And it flows not again.

—*Chambers's Journal.* EMERITUS.

From Everybody's Journal.
MY UNCLE ROBINS.

BY WILLIAM BROUGH.

CHAPTER I.

HE was an obstinate, self-willed old fellow, I admit, that Uncle Robins of mine. When once he had taken a thing into his head, you might have tried in vain to beat it out again with a sledge-hammer; and, as the application, even in a figurative sense, of a sledge-hammer to a gentleman's head, is far from being pleasant to the individual operated upon, the chances were that any one attempting to dislodge an idea once fixed in my uncle's brain would run a risk of angering the old gentleman seriously. For my own part, I never in my life—but once—attempted to remonstrate with my uncle upon any thing to which he had made up his mind; and I suppose it is to this fact I may attribute my being so great a favorite of his; as also my never having had—but once—the slightest semblance of a quarrel with him. I need hardly mention that the one occasion when I did fall out with my Uncle Robins was coincident in date with my one attempt to alter his opinion!

My Uncle Robins was the owner and the captain of "the good ship Mary Jane"—so, at least, in our innocent flattery, we used to name the little craft each time we drank a parting glass to the success of her next voyage (and when was ever yet a toast proposed in which the object of it was *not* flattered?). In reality, and according to strict definitions, the Mary Jane had no more right to the designation of a ship, than have half the heroes whom we lionize, invite to public banquets, and load with fulsome compliments in after-dinner speeches, to the praises we award them. But what of that? A toast is a toast all the world over; and my Uncle Robins and I had just as much right to drink "Success to the good ship Mary Jane," as you have, gentle reader, in the majority of cases, to propose the health of the "Noble, virtuous, and illustrious guest, who has this day honored with his presence," etc.

The Mary Jane, in fact was but a sloop of some one hundred and fifty tons; and the "voyages" to which my Uncle Robins and myself so regularly drank "success" the night before he sailed, were a mere series of trips to different ports along the eastern coast of England, carrying whatever freight he might chance to pick up—voyages, which

bore much the same comparison with those of the great ocean traders as a parcels delivery cart does with a goods train on some great trunk railway. Insignificant, however, though this may be thought, we had no reason to despise it. The quiet little coasting trade my uncle carried on in the Mary Jane, had sufficed him as a means of livelihood for many years. Of the amount it yearly brought him in I have not the slightest idea. I only know that he seemed always in comfortable circumstances, and appeared to lead a life as free from care, and generally to be as jolly as a—for want of any more original simile at the moment, I must make use of the oft-quoted "sand-boy!"—though who or what he is, or why he should be so pre-eminently jolly, I never could quite understand.

He—I am speaking of my uncle, not the sand-boy—had not been able to amass a fortune, it is true; although he had, some years back, contrived to give me my first start in life, by paying the premium requisite to get me into a mercantile house in the city, an outlay which, I subsequently learned, had crippled his finances for a long while, and compelled him to resort to a rigid economy most unsuited to his usual style of living, which was generally of a free and easy nature. He had, however, overcome the effects of this temporary strain upon his means, and was the proud and happy owner of the Mary Jane, with not a debt or mortgage on her for a single farthing. She was his own. She was all he possessed on earth; but she was quite enough, so long as he had health to sail her.

I have already said I was a great favorite of my uncle's. I was, indeed, the only one of his relations he ever took the slightest notice of. No sooner did the Mary Jane cast anchor in the Thames than he set off at once to pay me a visit. I was then lodging in the far-off regions of Islington; and many a time in the middle of the night, or at unseemly hours of the morning, I would be aroused from sleep by hearing in the street below my window my uncle's well-known hail,—

"Jack Wilson, ahoy!"

He never would, by any chance, knock at the door. He expressed himself most decidedly opposed to hanging on and off and waiting till the womenfolk appeared, and then to have all the parleying as to whether I were visible or not. He preferred trusting to his own stentorian lungs, well knowing I

should recognize the call, and, if indoors at all, would be certain to throw up my window and reply—

"Is that you, Uncle Robins?"

"Ay, ay, my lad," he would answer. "Come, turn out; bear a hand, my boy."

And I, of course, invariably turned out and bore a hand accordingly. I never knew when to expect a summons of this kind, for, fond of me though my uncle really was, any thing like correspondence while he was away was utterly out of the question. He was not great, by any means, at literary composition, and, sailing as he did from port to port, waiting first here then there to get a cargo, his appearances in London were at the most irregular intervals.

One morning, having been called up in this way by my uncle at an hour more than usually unreasonable, my landlady proceeded, on my return to my lodgings, to expostulate with me upon the subject. She told me hers had always been a respectable establishment, and though she was far from insinuating that I had ever done any thing to detract from its respectability, and though she had always esteemed me in the highest degree as a lodger, she would really feel very much obliged if I would, for the sake of the respectability of the neighborhood, induce my friends to call at proper hours, and to knock at the door like decent people, instead of shouting about the streets like—well she hoped I would not be offended—like that Captain Robins did. I tried to pacify her, explaining that my uncle was eccentric in some things, but that allowance should be made for him as, passing nearly all his life afloat, he was not perhaps quite *au fait* at the manners of London society. I added that he did not come very often, after all, and really calling to me from the street when he did come was nothing very terrible. Still she insisted that such conduct could not be permitted in a genteel neighborhood, and she must request I would speak to my uncle on the subject. To this I answered by a positive refusal, adding that I would leave her apartments if she liked. But that she would not hear of. She should be grieved indeed were she to part with me (and I believe she spoke the truth, for excepting the one grievance of my Uncle Robins, I am quite sure I was what any landlady would call an excellent lodger); but still she could not put up with such a dreadful breach

of decorum, and therefore if I would not speak to the captain, why she would, and there was an end of it. I warned her not to do so—I feel happy in my conscience to reflect that I did warn her—but in vain. She spoke to him!

She did so the very next time that he called. I suppose she had been on the watch for him, for no sooner did I hear him hailing me than, before I could reply, my landlady had opened the street door and spoken to him—she said she would!

How she spoke to him I can't say, but on my reaching the door I heard my uncle answering in a style so forcible—(he was not choice in his vocabulary; seafaring men but seldom are)—that all I could do was to put my arm through his, and lead him rapidly away, leaving my landlady in a state of fury most unbecoming the proprietress of such a very genteel lodging-house.

Yet, poor old fellow, there was nothing after all so very terrible about my uncle. His ways were rough, I grant; in fact, to those who did not know him, they might at times seem brutal; but this rugged outside covered a right sound, kindly heart, and violent as my uncle's manner was at times, I am quite sure he would not willingly have hurt the meanest thing that crawls upon the earth.

Upon the day of which I have just been speaking my Uncle Robins seemed, I must say, more violent and more arbitrary than I had ever known him, and when I led him from the door we walked on some little way in silence. I could not help thinking, from his abstracted manner, and from his muttering to himself continually, that something had occurred to vex him, more serious than my landlady's ill-judged remonstrances. At last he hailed a cab and we got in. My uncle leaned back in one corner, folding his arms across his breast and frowning savagely. I did not try to break the silence, for, besides my having always made it a rule not to force my conversation on my uncle when he seemed out of temper, I knew that he detested the rattle of the streets, and, powerful though his lungs were, it was a most disagreeable exertion for him to try to talk against the unfamiliar noise and jarring of a cab. So, not a word did we exchange during the whole of our somewhat lengthy journey, until we were set down at the door of a little out-of-the-way tavern overlooking the Thames, near Wap-

ping. It was a house in which we had spent many an agreeable hour together of an evening, after my business hours in the city, and it was there that all those parting glasses had been drained to the success of the good ship Mary Jane, the night before my uncle's starting upon each new voyage. I don't know how he found out that place originally, but it was admirably suited for our confidential interviews, having a cosy little parlor at the back, which no one ever seemed to visit but ourselves; at least, I never had seen anybody there whenever I had gone in with my Uncle Robins.

"Any one in the parlor?" asked my uncle, as we entered.

"Nobody, captain," answered the young woman at the bar.

"Then send in two glasses of brandy-and-water, hot, and a pipe. You, Jack, I suppose, will take a cigar; too proud to smoke a pipe like an old sailor. Well! well! no matter. Bear a hand, lad. Heave ahead. It aint your fault, Jack, is it?"

It certainly was not, to the best of my knowledge and belief; but not knowing exactly to what it was that my uncle alluded, whether to the conduct of my landlady or to what else, I deemed it best to preserve the silence I had hitherto maintained.

"I'm vexed, Jack," said my uncle, after he had settled himself into a comfortable chair by the fireside, had filled and lighted his long clay pipe, and placed his steaming glass of grog convenient to his hand. "I'm vexed, lad; extremely vexed."

My uncle's adverb was not, as I have given it, "extremely." It was, in fact, a stronger word by far; one which I do not feel at all inclined to repeat in print. I might, perhaps, put in the first letter, and a long dash — to supply the rest, according to general custom; but I don't like this typographical "mock-modesty," which, absolutely concealing nothing, seems to me only calculated to make the reader dwell even more upon the naughty word thus indicated than he would were it printed at full length, by setting him thinking what particular word may be intended; for let the veil be as flimsy and transparent as you will, so long as there is even the semblance of a veil, it but excites the inborn curiosity of human nature to take a peep behind it. So I shall take the liberty throughout this sketch of "translating" my uncle's

speech, whenever necessary, into presentable language. But to resume:—

My uncle told me he was vexed—extremely vexed.

"I see you are, uncle," I replied.

"See it, Jack," he cried out, with sundry expletives which do not need translation, they having no particular connection with the subject of discourse, "any one can see it" More expletives. "What's the use of saying that you can see it? You don't suppose I should be sitting here as sulky as a bear with a sore head if I had not been vexed; eh, Jack?"

"Of course not, uncle; but—"

"But—stuff!" he interrupted; "perhaps you fancy that it's all because that—worthy landlady of yours showed me her—stupid airs this morning—eh?"

"I assure you, uncle," I commenced; "I am very sorry if—"

"Sorry be" (something which it is unnecessary to mention) "Jack, d'ye think I care two pins for a—stupid woman's jaw? No, Jack. It's those rascals of underwriters. Would you believe it? They've had the consummate impudence to talk of charging extra premium for insuring the Mary Jane this voyage."

"How so?" I asked; "I do not understand."

"Understand, Jack! No. I should rather think you didn't understand it. It's a swindle, I tell you—a deliberate swindle. Why, I've insured the Mary Jane with these very same fellows now for something nigh upon twenty years; during which time I've never come upon them for a penny."

"A proof of your good fortune, uncle," I ventured to suggest, "that you have never had a loss."

"No loss, lad! I've had score of losses. Nothing of any great consequence, I grant. But I've had repairs to do in this port, new spars to get in that, over and over again. I never troubled them for trifles like that; not I. And now, to think they should turn round on me in this way. It's shabby, Jack—unspeakably shabby!"

"But what is their reason?" I inquired.

"Reason! they have none. What reason could they have? Of course, they pretend some sort of reason. They say that the Mary Jane is not altogether so seaworthy after all this time as she was originally; that ships deteriorate as they call it, with age—as

if we don't all deteriorate! But what of that? D'y'e mean to tell me the Mary Jane isn't just as safe a craft to-day as she was yesterday? Why to be sure she is. Ay, and will be as safe to-morrow as she is now; and the day after, and the day after that again, as safe as to-morrow. What do they mean by talking about extra risk, then—eh?"

"Still," I suggested, "now you mention it, an old ship certainly is somewhat less safe than a new one."

"As if any fool don't know that!" replied my uncle, savagely. "But was the Mary Jane a new ship three months ago, when the assurance was made on her the last voyage? And how much worse is she now than she was then? Not a bit. Why, then, should these swindling underwriters want to raise the rate upon her now? There, you needn't try to answer; I've made my mind up; I won't stand it. They've had too much of my hard-earned money already. If the Mary Jane goes down, she goes down; there's an end of it. Not another sixpence do they get from me for the insuring of her."

I tried to explain that some period or other must be taken for the change of rating, and that though it was quite true that there might not be any appreciable difference between the good qualities of the Mary Jane at the present moment and at the time of her last starting, still my uncle must admit she was not altogether the same vessel that she was some years back, and I implored him to remember that the Mary Jane was all he had on earth to trust to for a livelihood; adding that, after all, I supposed the extra charge was not a very great addition to the cost of insuring, therefore I hoped he would consent to pay it rather than run the risk of losing his all.

He didn't care, he said. He could have done very much better all these years if he had had the cash he had already given the fellows in his own pocket. And since they had refused to take her on the old terms, they should have no more out of him, come what might—and that was all about it!

Under ordinary circumstances this *would* have been all about it, and I should not have dared to urge my uncle further. But this was a matter so all-important to his interests, that I persisted, advancing all the arguments I could conceive, and entreating him by every consideration of prudence to reflect again

upon the matter before he finally made up his mind to such a rash determination.

And then ensued the one only quarrel to which I have already alluded as having occurred between my uncle and myself. I will not enter into particulars how furiously at my opposition he taxed me with gross impertinence, still grosser ingratitude, and I know not what. Suffice it to say, we parted that night in anger, without even the customary glass to the good ship's success—an ominous circumstance, as my uncle ever afterwards considered it—and that my Uncle Robins and the Mary Jane sailed from the river uninsured.

CHAPTER II.

It was about three weeks, I think, after the scene described in the last chapter, that I was one day busily engaged in my private counting-house in the city, when a message was brought to me that a gentleman—a seafaring sort of gentleman he looked—who would not send up his name, but was very rude to the clerks down stairs, insisted upon seeing me.

Before I could deliver my answer to the messenger, I heard a heavy footstep on the stair, and my Uncle Robins stalked into the room.

"Uncle!" I cried in astonishment. "Why, what on earth has brought you back to London already?"

"Put on your hat, Jack Wilson," cried my uncle, not replying to my question. "Put on your hat, and come along o' me."

"One minute, uncle; take a chair."

"Come on, I tell you," he insisted, pushing away the chair the messenger had placed for him at a sign from me. "Come on, I want to talk to you, lad. I can't talk here."

"I'll come directly," I replied; "you must allow me first to put away my books and papers, uncle."

I opened the iron safe in which I kept the more important of my papers, books, etc., to put away such of them as I had been using, and though I think I employed all reasonable diligence, my uncle's patience was all but gone. Stopping abruptly in one of his walks across the room, he cried out in a petulant tone.

"Come, bear a hand, there; do lad!"

I had just put the last of my books away so, carefully locking the safe, I put my hat on, and announced myself at his service.

"Come, then," he said, as he led the way out.

A sudden idea occurred to me at this moment, which induced me to return to the iron safe and once more open it. I took out a folded paper, which I placed in my pocket. An inarticulate expression of impatience at this new delay, burst from my uncle's lips. I took no notice of it, but followed him down stairs.

"Where are we going, uncle?" I inquired, as we reached the street.

"Can't say, lad—anywhere," he answered; "I must have a pipe!" Tobacco, I should mention, was the only thing that had power to soothe my uncle's nerves when irritated. Whenever any annoyance happened to him he rushed to his pipe as to a potent medicine, and the relief he seemed to find from it was truly wonderful.

I suggested, knowing it to be a favorite spot of his, our former place of meeting, near Wapping.

"No, no, lad," he replied, "not there. I can't go there to-day. I haven't the heart, Jack. Anywhere but there. Come on—this way!"

He led me through a series of narrow streets which were almost unknown to me, though in the heart of the city; and deeming my knowledge of town so much superior to what I thought his could be, I was somewhat anxious to know whether he was quite clear as to where he was going. I questioned him.

"Hold on, Jack!" he exclaimed. "Don't talk to me, lad, don't! At least, not yet!"

Through a narrow archway, the entrance to an equally narrow court, containing some dozen or so of tall, dark-looking houses, round three sides of the court (the fourth being the one we entered by), where there seemed to be not the slightest possibility of any thoroughfare beyond, my uncle led me. It looked the most unlikely place conceivable to go to smoke in, the houses having a stern, mercantile look about them, which expressed as plainly as bricks and mortar could speak, a horror of any such vulgar indulgences. In one corner, however, was an opening—a passage cut through one of the houses—through this we squeezed ourselves, and at the end of it we lighted on a tavern. My uncle had the strangest knack of finding out taverns where no one else would ever dream of looking for

them. He knew upwards of a dozen in various parts of London where not a soul except himself appeared to go.

"Good afternoon, cap'n," said the landlord, as we entered (they all seemed to know him personally and by name at these very private public-houses), "You're quite a stranger—haven't seen you for this six months. What's it to be to-day? The usual?"

My uncle nodded, and uttered a sound much more like a grunt than an articulate affirmative.

"Seem out of sorts, cap'n," said the garrulous tavern-keeper. "Not the thing to-day, I s'pose? A pipe, of course?"

Again my uncle nodded, and repeated his affirmative—such as it was. He then led the way into a dreary-looking room, with a sawdust-strewn floor.

My uncle filled his pipe, and smoked a while in silence. As usual, the tobacco invigorated him.

"It's all up, Jack," he said, abruptly. "All up, lad. Aye, and they knew it. I'm convinced they knew it."

"What's all up, uncle, and who knew it?" I inquired.

"Who? why those thieves of underwriters," he replied. "Oh, don't tell me, lad. It's no use—I've been thinking of it ever since. Lord love you, they have ways of knowing things that we're not up to, Jack. They knew it well enough, and that's why they stuck it on so high to hinder me from going on with my insurance. Well, well. It can't be helped, Jack Wilson; can it? Give us your hand, my boy. Your poor old uncle is a ruined man."

He grasped my hand convulsively, and puffed at his pipe with a rapidity and force that seemed to fill that room, spacious though it was, with dense clouds of smoke.

"A ruined man, Jack Wilson—ruined utterly, without a guinea in the world."

"How, my dear uncle?" said I. "Ruined! Explain yourself. The Mary Jane?"

"Wrecked, lad. Smashed all to splinters on the Norfolk coast."

"Great Powers! Is it possible?" I cried, and a strange indescribable feeling rose in my breast. "Well, my dear uncle—courage! All may not be as bad as you imagine."

"Not bad, Jack?" said my uncle. "Look at me. There—there, don't speak. Look at me, I say. Is mine an age at which a man can hope to begin life afresh with any chance

of getting on? Well, well. It must be done. It *shall* be done, Jack. I may not succeed. I am not likely to succeed. But I can try. The weakest of us all can try, Jack—eh?”

Brave heart—brave under all adversity. How I honored him!

“But, uncle,” I said, after a moment’s pause, “Suppose, now, that the Mary Jane had been insured.”

He started as though I had struck him.

“Jack!” he screamed—“Jack Wilson. Is this manly? Is this fair? Is this the time, now, when you see your poor old fool of an uncle—an uncle, who, with all his faults, has not behaved so badly to you—now when you see him ruined—crushed? Don’t speak to me, Jack. Is this a time, I ask you, to reproach him with not having taken your advice; to boast of your superior judgment, and to tell him how you begged him to be guided by you, and to pay whatever those scoundrels chose to ask instead of risking all? Oh, I remember your words! Don’t stand there shaking your head as if you didn’t mean it, sir. Enjoy your victory, if you like. I grant it: You were right—as it turned out—and I was, I dare say, a blind old fool. But this is not the time for you to boast of it.”

“But, uncle, will you not let me speak?”

“No, sir, I won’t, if that’s the only style of speech you have for me.”

“But, I assure you”—

“Fiddlesticks!”

“Well, then,” I said, “if you are determined not to hear me, let this speak for me.” So saying, I placed in his hands the paper, to fetch which I had returned to my iron safe that day.

“This? What is this?” he cried.

“A policy of insurance,” I replied, as calmly as I could, “effected on the good ship Mary Jane.”

“What do you mean? Speak—speak, for Heaven’s sake,” he almost screamed.

“Simply this,” I answered. “You will, I hope, forgive me for having persisted in differing from you in opinion; but, after leaving you, I could not sleep all night for thinking of the risk you were resolved to run in sailing uninsured. So, the next day—the very day you sailed—I went down to your old underwriters—I was so glad I knew their address and asked them to negotiate the matter with me in your name.”

“In my name, Jack?” he exclaimed.

“It was, I grant you, an unpardonable piece of presumption on my part, and had things turned out differently, I should have passed my life in agony for fear you should discover it. But, as it is, I hope you will look over it.”

“And you insured her in my name?”

“No easy matter, I admit: for when I mentioned it—your name I mean—they plainly told me they would much rather decline. They said they had had such trouble with you the day before; you had insulted them all so grossly.”

“I, Jack?” he cried; “I insulted them? I told them nothing more than they deserved to hear—the swindling thieves. However, go on, Jack; go on.”

“That to avoid a repetition of the scene, they would rather for the future have nothing whatever to do with you or your insurance either.”

“They said so?”

“However, I at last induced them to consent. I paid the premium:—there’s the policy. The good ship Mary Jane may be replaced, and your future in life, my dear uncle, is not so hopeless as you thought. Mind though, I paid them the extra premium they demanded, though you were so much against its being paid. Will you forgive me, uncle, for my daring violation of your fixed resolves?”

“Well, Jack, there’s my hand,” he cried—“It was like your confounded impudence. But say no more about it.”

“Come, then,” I said, “let’s have another glass, and in our good old style let’s drink success to the next venture!”

“Ah, Jack, if we had stuck to that old plan the last time that we parted,” said my uncle, dreamily. “No matter. Things have turned out better than I could have hoped. You had no right to fly in your old uncle’s face as you did. I’ve half a mind to be extremely angry with you. But I can’t do it, Jack. You’ve been the saving of me. God bless you. You’re a good lad, Jack Wilson, and you shall never repent the good turn you have done to old Ned Robins.”

My uncle kept his word. Fortune singularly favored him from that day forward. The good ship, “Jack Wilson” (so he persisted in naming the vessel that took the place of the lost Mary Jane) was a great success. I have been repaid a hundred-fold for the one service I was thus by mere chance enabled to render him; and the result in every way has certainly been any thing but repentance on my part of the good turn I did my Uncle Robins.